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WIDENER



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# Whimsey Anthology

Collected by  
Carolyn Wells

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FROM

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.....  
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# A WHIMSEY ANTHOLOGY

*" . . . where care  
None is, slight things do lightly please."*

**ROBERT HERRICK.**

# A Whimsey Anthology

Collected by  
*Carolyn Wells*

New York  
Charles Scribner's Sons

1906

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## PREFACE

A WHIMSEY is defined by the dictionaries as a whim, a freak, a capricious notion, an odd device. Though of trifling value as literary efforts, verbal whimsseys often display such ingenuity and patience of labor that they command, perforce, a certain admiration.

Many of the best and most learned of writers have amused themselves in making these oddities, but as modern times offer little leisure for such work, the best examples are oftenest found among the works of the earlier authors.

A literary whimsey is not merely the expression of a whimsical thought or fancy, but an odd or capricious form of that expression. It is whimsseys of manner not matter that are offered in this collection.



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# **A WHIMSEY ANTHOLOGY**



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# *A Whimsey Anthology*

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## LOGICAL WHIMSEYS\*

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### CONJUGAL CONJUGATIONS

DEAR maid, let me speak  
What I never yet spoke:  
You have made my heart squeak  
As it never yet squoke,  
And for sight of you, both my eyes ache as they  
ne'er before oak.

With your voice my ears ring,  
And a sweeter ne'er rung,  
Like a bird's on the wing  
When at morn it has wung.  
And gladness to me it doth bring, such as never  
voice brung.

My feelings I'd write,  
But they cannot be wrote,  
And who can indite  
What was never indote!  
And my love I hasten to plight—the first that I  
plot.

\* Logical effects of grammar, spelling, pronunciation, etc.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Yes, you would I choose,  
Whom I long ago chose,  
And my fond spirit sues  
As it never yet sose,  
And ever on you do I muse, as never man mose.

The house where you bide  
Is a blessed abode;  
Sure, my hopes I can't hide,  
For they will not be hode,  
And no person living has sighed, as, darling, I've  
sode.

Your glances they shine  
As no others have shone,  
And all else I'd resign  
That a man could resone,  
And surely no other could pine as I lately have pone.

And don't you forget  
You will ne'er be forgot,  
You never should fret  
As at times you have frot,  
I would chase all the cares that beset, if they ever  
besot.

For you I would weave  
Songs that never were wove,  
And deeds I'd achieve  
Which no man yet achove,  
And for me you never should grieve, as for you I  
have grove.

## *Logical Whimseys*

---

I'm as worthy a catch  
As ever was caught.  
O, your answer I watch  
As a man never waught,  
And we'd make the most elegant match as ever was  
maught.

Let my longings not sink;  
I would die if they sunk.  
O, I ask you to think  
As you never have thunk,  
And our fortunes and lives let us link, as no lives  
could be lunk.

*A. W. Bellaw.*

## LOVE'S MOODS AND SENSES

SALLY SALTER, she was a young lady who  
taught,  
And her friend Charley Church was a preacher  
who prauth!  
Though his enemies called him a screecher who  
scraught.

His heart when he saw her kept sinking and sunk,  
And his eye, meeting hers, began winking and wunk;  
While she in her turn fell to thinking, and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,  
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,  
And what he was longing to do then he doed.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,  
To seek with his lips what his heart long had soke;  
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode,  
They so sweetly did glide, that they both thought  
they glode,  
And they came to the place to be tied, and were  
tode.

Then, "homeward" he said, "let us drive" and  
they drove,  
And soon as they wished to arrive, they arrove;  
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole:  
At the feet where he wanted to kneel, then he knole,  
And said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging, and clung;  
While time his swift circuit was winging, and wung;  
And this was the thing he was bringing, and brung:

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—  
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had  
snaught—  
Was the one that she now liked to scratch, and  
she scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,  
While he took to teasing, and cruelly toze  
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

“Wretch!” he cried, when she threatened to leave  
him, and left,

“How could you deceive me, as you have deceit?”  
And she answered, “I promised to cleave, and  
I’ve cleft!”

*Anonymous.*

### AN ORIGINAL LOVE STORY

HE struggled to kiss her. She struggled the  
same

To prevent him so bold and undaunted.  
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,  
“Avaunt, sir!” and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with a wild fiendish laugh,  
Showing clearly that he was affronted,  
And threaten’d by main force to carry her off,  
She cried “Don’t!” and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her  
feet,

Praying loudly, as before he had ranted,  
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,  
And said “Can’t you!” the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, “How could you do so?  
I certainly thought I was jilted;  
But come thou with me, to the parson we’ll go;  
Say, wilt thou, my dear?” and she wilted.

*Anonymous.*

“QUERIES”

A BRED and born philologist is what I claim  
to be,  
But find that there are many things that  
greatly puzzle me.  
For instance, take a cricket ball; you buy it—then  
it's bought,  
But if you take and shy it, is it right to say it's  
short?  
A drummer is a man, we know, who has to do  
with drums,  
But I never met a plumber yet who had to do with  
plums.  
A cheerful man who sells you hats would be a  
cheerful hatter;  
But is a serious man who sells you mats “a serious  
matter”?

You take your girl to Yarmouth, then you are a  
pair of trippers;  
If you slipped with her while skating, would you  
be a pair of slippers?  
If it freezes when it's frosty, is it squosty when  
you squeeze?  
Would you have to buy a biograph to write biog-  
raphies?  
A man is called a baker when to earn his bread  
he bakes;  
But do we call a Quaker by that name because  
he quakes?

## *Logical Whimseys*

---

But if you are a dealer, why, of course you have  
to deal,  
But you may be a peeler, though you never have  
to peel.

A man who brews, as everybody knows, is called  
a brewer;  
But if your landlord sues you, would you say he  
is a sewer?  
A girl will change the color of the hair upon her  
head;  
It's strange; but, still, you'll find that though she  
dyed, she isn't dead.  
Would a pious man who fried a kipper be a holy  
friar?  
A timid man who lies in bed—is he "a fearful  
liar"?  
If with mud you find you're spattered from a pass-  
ing horse's hoof,  
And you use a bad expletive, would that be a  
"muddied oaf"?

*W. Stanford.*

## THE BALLAD OF AMEIGHLIA MAIREIGH.

MISS Amelia Mary Cholmondeley,  
When in summer-time she rode,  
Did not look one whit less colmondley  
Than in winter when she slode.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

As became a farmer's daughter,  
Milk she to the market took;  
Mingled flour and eggs with waughter,  
And delicious tea-cakes book.

By her blandishments the neighing  
Colts and bleating sheep were caught;  
And, they tell me, there's no seighing  
What a lot of ricks she thaught.

At her orders farm-yard beauties—  
Turkeys, geese, and hens—were slain;  
From her purse, for weekly deauties,  
All her father's men were pain.

Mary, too, was always present  
When the frisky lambs were shorn;  
And the chicks of many a phesent  
By her careful hands were rorn.

'Spite of Mary's fond endeavour,  
Once her favorite lap-dog swam  
Far from land and sank foreavour,  
And her eyes with sorrow dam.

Girl more kind or better-hearted  
Ne'er in all my life I saw;  
Scores of swains for Mary smearterd,  
She was perfect, all agraw.

Thus, when to Elisha Farquhar  
Hand and heart at last she gave,  
Though he was a billiard-marqahar,  
Happily with him she lave.

*Anonymous.*

### THE PEARL OF PALENCIA

No maiden in Spain was more lovely to see  
Than sweet Donna A., only child of Don B.,  
“The Pearl of Palencia.” Two lovers she  
had,

Don C. (who was good) and Don D. (who was  
bad).

’Twas C. she preferr’d, but she thought herself  
bound

To mind her papa, whom she always had mound.  
He said, “Rich Don D. is a ‘catch’ to be caught:  
The prize you must snatch—it is easily snaught.”  
Thus, though she might feel just the same as she’d  
felt,

She now must conceal what she’d never con  
ceal;

Not speak to her love, though he tenderly spoke,  
Nor seek the affection she’d hitherto soke.

Don B. told Don C. he must leave, and he left.

The blow made him grieve, and most deeply he  
grief;

But Love’s sun will shine, and still brightly it  
shone.

When lovers combine—as these lovers combone,

## *A Whimsy Anthology*

---

In secret to meet—as they secretly met,  
Stern parents they'll cheat—as her father was chet.  
One night when the moon on “the rise” gently  
rose,  
Don D. in surprise the two lovers surprise.  
His weapon he drew; and the moment 'twas  
drawn,  
His rival he slew; with a blow he was slawn.  
Prepared not to smite, and so suddenly smitten,  
He'd no time to fight, or of course he'd have fitten,  
His fate was to fall—what a cropper he fell!  
A sight to appal. Donna A. it appel.  
Her hand, within reach, with an effort he reach'd,  
And this was the “last dying speech” that he  
speech'd:  
“Dear maid, fare thee well! Be my slayer for-  
given;  
My hour, but too quick to arrive, hath arriven.  
Away from existence I slide”—and he slid.  
“I die as my fathers have died”—and he did.  
Oh, fearful to hear was the scream that she  
scrempt!  
Her eyes did not beam as they'd hitherto bempt,  
But glared fit to freeze. The assassin they froze.  
She shrieked, “This I seize!”—'twas a dagger  
she soze.  
“My loved one I lose—through thy deed he is  
lost;  
But had I to choose, thou wouldst never be  
chost.  
Die, villain! Thy gold cannot gild up thy guilt.  
My will is to kill!” So the villain she kilt.

Then said, "Though my heart, doomed to break,  
is now broken,  
The vengeance I thirsted to slake I have sloken."  
So saying, she drank up a poisonous draught,  
Her queenly form shrank with a terrible shraft;  
On C.'s poor remains with a wild fling 'twas  
flung;  
Her spirit, which long'd to take wing, then took  
wung.  
Her pa—"such a turn" the catastrophe gave—  
Did grieve till he grove himself into his grave.  
So there was an end—lack-a-day! woe is me!—  
Of sweet Donna A. and Dons B., C., and D.

*Walter Parke.*

## OUGH

**A**S a farmer was going to plough,  
He met a man driving a cough;  
They had words which led to a rough,  
And the farmer was struck on his brough.

One day when the weather was rough,  
An old lady went for some snough,  
Which she thoughtlessly placed in her mough,  
And it got scattered all over her cough.

While a baker was kneading his dough,  
A weight fell down on his tough,  
When he suddenly exclaimed ough!  
Because it had hurt him sough.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

There was a hole in the hedge to get through,  
It was made by no one knew whough;  
In getting through a boy lost his shough,  
And was quite at a loss what to dough.

A poor old man had a bad cough,  
To a doctor he straight went ough,  
The doctor did nothing but scough,  
And said it was all fancy, his cough.

*Anonymous.*

### O-U-G-H \*

#### *A Fresh Hack at an Old Knot*

I'M taught P-l-o-u-g-h  
S'all be pronounce "plow."  
"Zat's easy w'en you know," I say,  
"Mon Anglais, I'll get through!"

My teacher say zat in zat case,  
O-u-g-h is "oo."  
An zen I laugh and say to him,  
"Zees Anglais make me cough."

He say "Not 'coo,' but in zat word,  
O-u-g-h is 'off,'"  
Oh, *Sacre bleu!* such varied sounds  
Of words makes my hiccough!

\* By permission of Harper & Brothers.

## *Logical Whimseys*

---

He say, "Again mon frien' ees wrong;  
O-u-g-h is 'up'  
In hiccough." Zen I cry, "No more,  
You make my t'roat feel rough."

"Non, non!" he cry, "you are not right;  
O-u-g-h is 'uff.'"  
I say, "I try to spik your words,  
I cannot spik zem though!"

"In time you'll learn, but now you're wrong!  
O-u-g-h is 'owe.'"  
"I'll try no more, I s'all go mad,  
I'll drown me in ze lough!"

"But ere you drown yourself," said he,  
"O-u-g-h is 'ock'"

He taught no more, I held him fast,  
And killed him wiz a rough.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

## OW

**N**OW, boys," the farmer said, "there'll be a  
row  
If you upon the river go and row  
When we've so much to do. The Chester sow  
Has rooted up the lawn; therein go sow  
Some clover-seed; then help clear out the mow.  
In which to put the hay that we shall mow

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

To-morrow morn; when that is done I 'low  
    You may, if then the sun is not too low,  
Go hunt and fish." So to our work we bow;  
    Which done, we're off, with arrows, rod, and  
        bow.

*Anonymous.*

### ADIOUX AMONG THE SIOUX

**N**OW trouble brious among the Sioux,  
    Because the whites their rights abioux.  
The sky is red with battle hioux;  
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappioux  
Are on the war-path by the slioux;  
They're filling up with fiery bioux,  
They swear their lands they will not lioux.

*Anonymous.*

### JOB

**O**UR hired man named Job  
    Has got a pleasant job,  
The meadow grass to mow  
And stow it in the mow.

At work he takes the lead;  
He does not fear cold lead,  
Nor is he moved to tears  
When he his clothing tears!

A book that he had read;  
He handed me to read;  
He spends much time in reading  
When at his home in Reading.

*Anonymous.*

### THE COW—A BOVINITY

O gentle cau,  
Contented frau,  
Inert, exempt from violence.  
We will allau  
That you know hau  
To chew your cud in siolence.

*Anonymous.*

### HALF HOURS WITH THE CLASSICS

A H, those hours when by-gone sages  
Led our thoughts through Learning's ways,  
When the wit of sunnier ages,  
Called once more to Earth the days  
When rang through Athens' vine-hung lanes  
Thy wild, wild laugh, Aristophanes!

Pensive through the land of Lotus,  
Sauntered we by Nilus' side;  
Garrulous old Herodotus  
Still our mentor, still our guide,  
Prating of the mystic bliss  
Of Isis and of Osiris.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

All the learn'd ones trooped before us,  
All the wise of Hellas' land,  
Down from mythic Pythagoras,  
To the hemlock drinker grand.  
Dark the hour that closed the gates  
Of gloomy Dis on thee, Socrates.

Ah, those hours of tend'rest study,  
When Electra's poet told  
Of Love's cheek once warm and ruddy,  
Pale with grief, with death chill cold!  
Sobbing low like summer tides  
Flow thy verses, Euripides!

High our hearts beat when Cicero  
Shook the Capitolian dome;  
How we shuddered, watching Nero  
'Mid the glare of blazing Rome!  
How those records still affright us  
On thy gloomy page, Tacitus!

Back to youth I seem to glide, as  
I recall those by-gone scenes,  
When we conned o'er Thucydides,  
Or recited Demosthenes.

### L'ENVOI

Ancient sages, pardon these  
Somewhat doubtful quantities.

*H. J. DeBurgb.*

## SHAKE, MULLEARY AND GO-ETHE

### I

I HAVE a bookcase, which is what  
Many much better men have not.  
There are no books inside, for books,  
I am afraid, might spoil its looks.  
But I've three busts, all second-hand,  
Upon the top. You understand  
I could not put them underneath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

### II

Shake was a dramatist of note;  
He lived by writing things to quote,  
He long ago put on his shroud:  
Some of his works are rather loud.  
His bald-spot's dusty, I suppose.  
I know there's dust upon his nose.  
I'll have to give each nose a sheath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Go-ethe.

### III

Mulleary's line was quite the same;  
He has more hair, but far less fame.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

I would not from that fame retrench—  
But he is foreign, being French.  
Yet high his haughty head he heaves,  
The only one done up in leaves,  
They're rather limited on wreath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Goethe.

### IV

Goethe wrote in the German tongue:  
He must have learned it very young.  
His nose is quite a butt for scoff,  
Although an inch of it is off.  
He did quite nicely for the Dutch;  
But here he doesn't count for much.  
They all are off their native heath—  
Shake, Mulleary and Goethe.

### V

They sit there, on theircheses, as bland  
As if they were not second-hand.  
I do not know of what they think,  
Nor why they never frown or wink.  
But why from smiling they refrain  
I think I clearly can explain:  
They none of them could show much teeth—  
Shake, Mulleary and Goethe.

*H. C. Bunner.*

## SHAPED WHIMSEYS

---

### THE WINE GLASS

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine! They that go to seek mixed wine!

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!

(Proverbs xxiii, 29-32.)

## SONG OF THE DECANTER

There was an old decanter, and its mouth was gaping wide; the rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystal side: and the wind went humming— humming up and down: the wind it blew, and through the reed-like hollow neck the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window, where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that its pale mouth sang the queerest strains to me. "They tell me—puny conquerors! the Plague has slain his ten, and war his hundred thousand of the very best of men; but I"—'twas thus the Bottle spake—"but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors, so feared and famed of yore. Then come, ye youths and maidens all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns the spirits up; that puts to shame your conquerors that slay their scores below; for this has deluged millions with the lava tide of woe. Tho' in the path of battle darkest streams of blood may roll; yet while I killed the body, I have damn'd the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin never wro't, as I in mirth or malice on the innocent have brought. And still I breathe upon them, and they shrink before my breath, and year by year my thousands tread the dusty way of death."

*Anonymous.*

## THE FLAGON

Que mon  
flacon  
me semble bon!  
Sans lui  
l'ennui  
me nuit,  
me suit;  
je sens  
mes sens  
mourants,  
pesants.

Quand je le tiens,  
Dieux! que je suis bien!

que son aspect est agréable!  
que je fais cas de ses divins présens!

C'est de son sein fécond, c'est de ses heureux  
flancs que coule ce nectar si doux, si délectable,  
qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits!  
Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire.  
Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmants bien-  
faits il saura conserver la fidèle mémoire.

*Pannard.*

### THE GLASS

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre  
qui soit si bon ni si beau que le verre.

Du tendre amour berceau charmant,  
c'est toi, champêtre fougère,  
c'est toi qui sers à faire  
l'heureux instrument  
où souvent pétille,  
mousse, et brille  
le jus qui rend  
gai, riant,  
content.

Quelle douceur  
il porte au cœur  
tôt  
tôt  
tôt

Qu'on m'en donne  
vite et comme il faut

tôt  
tôt  
tôt  
qu'on m'en donne  
vite et comme il faut.

L'on y voit sur ses flots  
cheris nager l'allégresse et les ris.

*Pannard.*

## BAIT OF THE AVERAGE FISHERMAN

This is the bait  
the fisher-  
men take,

the fishermen take, the fisher-  
men take, when they start out the fish to  
wake, so early in the morning. They take a nip be-  
fore they go—a good one, ah! and long and slow,  
for fear the chills will lay them low, so early in  
the morning. Another—when they're on the  
street, which they repeat each time they meet  
for "luck"—for that's the way to greet a  
fisher in the morning. And when they are  
on the river's brink again they drink with-  
out a wink—to fight malaria they think  
it proper in the morning. They tip a  
flask with true delight when there's a  
bite; if fishing's light they "smile"  
the more, till jolly tight all fishing  
they are scorning. Another nip as  
they depart; one at the mart and  
one to part; but none when in  
the house they dart expecting  
there'll be mourning. This  
is the bait the fishermen try,  
who fishes buy at prices  
high, and tell each one  
a bigger lie of fishing  
in the morning.

*H. C. Dodge.*

## A TYPE OF BEAUTY

Here

hang my bangs  
o'er eyes that dream,  
And nose and rose-  
bud lips for cream.

And here's my  
chin with dim-  
ples in.

This is my  
neck with-  
out a speck,

which doth these snowy shoulders  
deck ; and here is — see, oh,  
double T-O-N, which girls all  
wear, like me; and here's a  
heart, from cupid's dart, safe-  
shielded by this corset's art.

This is my waist too tightly  
laced on which  
a bustle big  
is placed.

This is my  
dress. Its cost,  
I guess, did my  
poor papa much dis-  
tress, because he sighed  
when mamma tried it on,  
and scolded so I cried;  
but mamma said I soon would  
wed and buy pa's clothes for him  
instead. It's trimmed with lace  
just in this place, 'neath which two  
ankles show, with grace, in silken hose  
to catch the beaus who think they're lovely,

I suppose. These are  
my f e e t      in slippers  
neat, and      now if we  
should chance to      meet we'll flirt  
a little on the      street. How sweet.

*Anonymous.*

## THE STEGOMYIA

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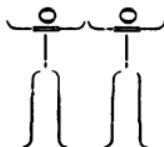
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chase  
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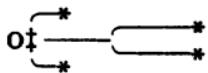
*Anonymous.*

## LITTLE BOYS TAKE WARNING

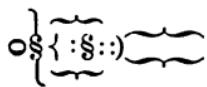
Two little boys, named Jack and Jim,  
In hot, or wintry weather,  
No matter what the racket was  
Most always were together.



But one day Jack went to the stream  
To take a little swim;  
He got a cramp, which laid him out,  
And here's the last of him:



Jim tackled the green-apple crop,  
And twenty-four he ate;  
He got a cramp, which bent him so  
They couldn't jerk him straight.



*Anonymous.*

## THE TALE OF A MOUSE\*

"Fury said to  
a mouse, That  
he met  
in the  
house,  
'Let us  
both go  
to law:  
*I* will  
prosecute  
*you.*—  
Come, I'll  
take no  
denial;  
We must  
have a  
trial:  
For  
really  
this  
morning  
*I've*  
nothing  
to do.'  
Said the  
mouse to  
the cur,  
'Such a  
trial,  
dear sir,  
With no  
jury or  
judge,  
would be  
wasting  
our breath.'  
'I'll be  
judge,  
I'll be  
jury,'  
Said  
cunning  
old Fury;  
'I'll try  
the whole  
cause,  
and  
condemn  
you  
to  
death.' "

*Lewis Carroll.*

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

THE MICE \*

We lived beneath the mat,  
Warm and snug and fat.  
But one woe, and that  
Was the cat !  
To our joys  
a clog, In  
our eyes a  
fog, On our  
hearts a log  
Was the dog !  
When the  
cat's away  
Then  
the mice  
will  
play.  
But, alas !  
one day (so they say)  
Came the dog and  
cat. Hunting  
for a  
rat  
Crushed  
the mice  
all flat,  
Each  
one  
as  
he  
sat

*Underneath the mat, Warm and snug  
and fat. That's all that*

*Lewis Carroll.*

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

## THE OLD LINE FENCE

ZIG-ZAGGING it went  
On the line of the farm,  
And the trouble it caused  
Was often quite warm,  
*The Old Line Fence.*  
It was changed every year  
By decree of the court,  
To which, when worn out,  
Our sires would resort  
*With the Old Line Fence.*  
In hoeing their corn,  
When the sun, too, was hot,  
They surely would jaw,  
Punch or claw, when they got  
*To the Old Line Fence.*  
In dividing the lands  
It fulfilled no desires,  
But answered quite well  
In dividing our sires,  
*This Old Line Fence.*  
Though sometimes in this  
It would happen to fail,  
When, with top rail in hand,  
One would flare up and scale  
*The Old Line Fence!*

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Then the conflict was sharp  
On debatable ground,  
And the fertile soil there  
Would be mussed far around  
*The Old Line Fence.*  
It was shifted so oft  
That no flowers there grew.  
What frownings and clods,  
And what words were shot  
[through  
*The Old Line Fence!*  
Our sires through the day  
There would quarrel or fight,  
With a vigor or vim,  
But 'twas different at night  
*By the Old Line Fence.*  
The fairest maid there  
You would have descried  
That ever leaned soft  
On the opposite side  
*Of an Old Line Fence.*  
Where our fathers built hate  
There we builded our love,  
Breathed our vows to be true  
With our hands raised above  
*The Old Line Fence.*  
Its place might be changed,  
But there we would meet.  
With our heads through the  
[rails,  
And with kisses most sweet,  
*At the Old Line Fence.*

## *Shaped Whimsies*

---

It was love made the change,  
And the clasping of hands  
Ending ages of hate,  
And between us now stands  
*Not a Sign of Line Fence.*  
No debatable ground  
Now enkindles alarms.  
I've the girl I met there,  
And, well, both of the farms,  
*And No Line Fence.*  
*A. W. Bellaw.*

JONES'S RIDE

The scenery was simply grand,  
The day was one of bliss,  
And so his auto, for a time,  
Ran straight along like this.

The whatyoucallit snapped in two  
When something went amiss,  
And with a snort and sudden plunge

*It dug a hole like this.*

Unsatisfied with lowly earth  
It gave a screech and hiss,  
And to the wonderment of Jones

*It went straight up  
like this.*

'Twas thus they vanished out of view  
Above the gazing town;  
The fifth verse of the poem shows  
How much of both came down.

*McLandburgh Wilson.*

## ON THE STREET

He bought a little block of stock  
The day he went to town;  
And in the nature of such things,  
That  
Stock  
Went  
Right  
Straight  
Down!

\* \* \* \*

He sold a little block of stock:  
Now sorrow fills his cup,  
For from the moment that he did,

Up.  
Right  
Went  
Thing  
Blamed  
The

\* \* \* \*

He bought a little block of stock,  
Expecting he would taste of bliss;  
He can't let go and can't hang on,

The blamed thing wriggles round like this.

*Anonymous.*

## AVOIRDUPOIS

The length of this line indicates the ton of coal as dug by the miner.

This one indicates the ton shipped to the dealer.

The small dealer gets a ton like this.

This is the one you pay for.

This is what you get.

The residue is:

Cinders and

Ashes.

And this line will give you some conception of the size of the BILL.

*Anonymous.*

## A CUBIC TRIOLET

T H I S T R I O L E T  
I S L I T T L E F U N  
S O H A R D T O G E T  
T H I S T R I O L E T  
I N F U N A N D Y E T  
E X A C T L Y D O N E  
T H I S T R I O L E T  
I S L I T T L E F U N

*Anonymous.*

## ALPHABETICAL WHIMSEYS

---

### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE

A N Austrian army, awfully array'd,  
Boldly by battery besiege Belgrade;  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Deal devastation's dire destructive doom;  
Ev'ry endeavour engineers essay,  
For fame, for freedom, fight, fierce furious fray.  
Gen'rals 'gainst gen'rals grapple,—gracious God!  
How honors Heav'n heroic hardihood!  
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,  
Just Jesus, instant innocence instill!  
Kinsmen kill kinsmen, kindred kindred kill.  
Labour low levels longest, loftiest lines;  
Men march 'midst mounds, motes, mountains, mur-  
d'rous mines.  
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought,  
Of outward obstacles o'ercoming ought;  
Poor patriots perish, persecution's pest!  
Quite quiet Quakers "Quarter, quarter," quest;  
Reason returns, religion, right, redounds,  
Suwarrow stop such sanguinary sounds!  
Truce to thee, Turkey, terror to thy train!  
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!  
Vanish vile vengeance, vanish victory vain!

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome won  
Xerxes, Xantippus, Xavier, Xenophon?  
Yield, ye young Yaghier yeomen, yield your yell!  
Zimmerman's, Zoroaster's, Zeno's zeal  
Again attract; arts against arms appeal.  
All, all ambitious aims, avaunt, away!  
Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

*Anonymous.*

### A, B, C

**A** IS an Angel of blushing eighteen:  
**B** is the Ball where the Angel was seen:  
**C** is her Chaperon, who cheated at cards:  
**D** is the Deuxtemps, with Frank of the Guards:  
**E** is her Eye, killing slowly but surely:  
**F** is the Fan, whence it peeped so demurely:  
**G** is the Glove of superlative kid:  
**H** is the Hand which it spitefully hid:  
**I** is the Ice which the fair one demanded:  
**J** is the Juvenile, that dainty who handed:  
**K** is the Kerchief, a rare work of art:  
**L** is the Lace which composed the chief part:  
**M** is the old Maid who watched the chits dance:  
**N** is the Nose she turned up at each glance:  
**O** is the Olga (just then in its prime):  
**P** is the Partner who wouldn't keep time:  
**Q**'s the Quadrille, put instead of the Lanciers:  
**R**'s the Remonstrances made by the dancers:  
**S** is the Supper where all went in pairs:  
**T** is the Twaddle they talked on the stairs:

## *Alphabetical Whimseys*

---

U is the Uncle who "thought we'd be goin'" :  
V is the Voice which his niece replied "No" in :  
W is the Waiter, who sat up till eight :  
X is his Exit, not rigidly straight :  
Y is a Yawning fit caused by the Ball :  
Z stands for Zero, or nothing at all.

*C. S. Calverley.*

## MONORHYMED ALPHABET

A WAS an Army to settle disputes;  
B was a Bull, not the mildest of brutes;  
C was a Cheque, duly drawn upon Coutts;  
D was King David, with harps and with lutes;  
E was an Emperor, hailed with salutes;  
F was a Funeral, followed by mutes;  
G was a Gallant in Wellington boots;  
H was a Hermit, and lived upon roots;  
I was Justinian his Institutes;  
K was a Keeper, who commonly shoots;  
L was a Lemon, the sourest of fruits;  
M was a Ministry—say Lord Bute's;  
N was Nicholson, famous on flutes;  
O was an Owl, that hisses and hoots;  
P was a Pond, full of leeches and newts;  
Q was a Quaker, in whitey-brown suits;  
R was a Reason, which Paley refutes;  
S was a Sergeant with twenty recruits;  
T was Ten Tories with doubtful reputes;  
U was Uncommonly bad cheroots;  
V was Vicious motives, which malice imputes;

X was Ex-king driven out by emeutes;  
Y is a Yawn; then, the last rhyme that suits;  
Z is the Zuyder Zee, dwelt in by coots.

*Anonymous.*

### MONORHYMED ALPHABET

A IS my Amy, so slender of waist;  
B's little Bet, who my button replaced;  
C is good Charlotte, good maker of paste;  
D is Diana, the forest who traced;  
E is plump Ellen, by Edward embraced;  
F is poor Fanny, by freckles defaced;  
G is Griselda, unfairly disgraced;  
H is the Helen, who Ilion effaced;  
I is fair Ida, that princess strait-laced;  
J is the Judy, Punch finds to his taste;  
K is Kate darling, by fond lovers chased;  
L is Laurette, in coquetry encased;  
M is pale Margaret, saintly and chaste;  
N is gay Norah, o'er hills who has raced;  
O is sweet Olive, a girl olive-faced;  
P's pretty Patty, so daintily paced;  
Q some fair Querist, in blue stockings placed;  
R is frail Rose, from her true stem displaced;  
S is brisk Sal, who a chicken can baste;  
T is Theresa, at love who grimaced;  
U is pure Una, that maid undebased;  
V is Victoria, an empire who graced;  
W is Winifred, time who will waste;  
X is Xantippe, for scolding well braced;

## *Alphabetical Whimseys*

Y's Mrs. Yelverton; ending in haste,  
Z is Zenobia, in panoply cased.

*Mortimer Collins.*

### MEMORANDUMS \*

H AVE Angleworms attractive homes?  
Do Bumble-bees have brains?  
Do Caterpillars carry combs?  
Do Dodos dote on drains?  
Can Eels elude elastic earls?  
Do Flatfish fish for flats?  
Are Grigs agreeable to girls?  
Do Hares have hunting-hats?  
Do Ices make an Ibex ill?  
Do Jackdaws jug their jam?  
Do Kites kiss all the kids they kill?  
Do Llamas live on lamb?  
Will Moles molest a mounted mink?  
Do Newts deny the news?  
Are Oysters boisterous when they drink?  
Do parrots prowl in pews?  
Do Quakers get their quills from quails?  
Do Rabbits rob on roads?  
Are Snakes supposed to sneer at snails?  
Do Tortoises tease toads?  
Can Unicorns perform on horns?  
Do vipers value veal?  
Do Weasels weep when fast asleep?  
Can Xylophagans squeal?

\* By permission of the Century Company.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Do Yaks in packs invite attacks?

Are Zebras full of zeal?

*Charles E. Carryl.*

### AN ANIMAL ALPHABET

**A** LLIGATOR, beetle, porcupine, whale,  
Bobolink, panther, dragon-fly, snail,  
Crocodile, monkey, buffalo, hare,  
Dromedary, leopard, mud-turtle, bear,  
Elephant, badger, pelican, ox,  
Flying-fish, reindeer, anaconda, fox,  
Guinea-pig, dolphin, antelope, goose,  
Humming-bird, weasel, pickerel, moose,  
Ibex, rhinoceros, owl, kangaroo,  
Jackal, opossum, toad, cockatoo,  
Kingfisher, peacock, anteater, bat,  
Lizard, ichneumon, honey-bee, rat,  
Mocking-bird, camel, grasshopper, mouse,  
Nightingale, spider, cuttle-fish, grouse,  
Ocelot, pheasant, wolverine, auk,  
Periwinkle, ermine, katydid, hawk,  
Quail, hippopotamus, armadillo, moth,  
Rattlesnake, lion, woodpecker, sloth,  
Salamander, goldfinch, angleworm, dog,  
Tiger, flamingo, scorpion, frog,  
Unicorn, ostrich, nautilus, mole,  
Viper, gorilla, basilisk, sole,  
Whippoorwill, beaver, centipede, fawn,  
Xantho, canary, polliwog, swan,

## *Alphabetical Whimseys*

---

Yellowhammer, eagle, hyena, lark,  
Zebra, chameleon, butterfly, shark.

*Anonymous.*

### AN ANIMAL ALPHABET

**A**—The Absolutely Abstemious Ass,  
who resided in a Barrel, and only lived on  
Soda Water and Pickled Cucumbers.

**B**—The Bountiful Beetle,  
who always carried a Green Umbrella when  
it didn't rain,  
and left it at home when it did.

**C**—The Comfortable Confidential Cow,  
who sate in her Red Morocco Arm Chair and  
toasted her own Bread at the parlour Fire.

**D**—The Dolomphious Duck,  
who caught spotted frogs for her dinner  
with a Runcible Spoon.

**E**—The Enthusiastic Elephant,  
who ferried himself across the water with the  
Kitchen Poker and a New pair of Ear-rings.

**F**—The Fizzgiggious Fish,  
who always walked about upon Stilts,  
because he had no legs.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

G—The Good-natured Gray Gull,  
who carried the Old Owl, and his Crimson  
. Carpet-bag,  
across the river, because he could not swim.

H—The Hasty Higgeldipiggledy Hen,  
who went to market in a Blue Bonnet and  
Shawl,  
and bought a Fish for Supper.

I—The Inventive Indian,  
who caught a Remarkable Rabbit in a  
Stupendous Silver Spoon.

J—The Judicious Jubilant Jay,  
who did up her Back Hair every morning  
with a Wreath of Roses,  
Three feathers, and a Gold Pin.

K—The Kicking Kangaroo,  
who wore a Pale Pink Muslin dress  
with Blue spots.

L—The Lively Learned Lobster,  
who mended his own Clothes with  
a Needle and Thread.

M—The Melodious Meritorious Mouse,  
who played a merry minuet on the  
Piano-forte.

## *Alphabetical Whimseys*

---

N—The Nutritious Newt,  
who purchased a Round Plum-pudding,  
for his granddaughter.

O—The Obsequious Ornamental Ostrich,  
who wore boots to keep his  
feet quite dry.

P—The Perpendicular Purple Polly,  
who read the Newspaper and ate Parsnip Pie  
with his Spectacles.

Q—The Queer Querulous Quail,  
who smoked a pipe of tobacco on the top of  
a Tin Tea-kettle.

R—The Rural Runcible Raven,  
who wore a White Wig and flew away  
with the Carpet Broom.

S—The Scroobious Snake,  
who always wore a Hat on his Head, for  
fear he should bite anybody.

T—The Tumultuous Tom-tommy Tortoise,  
who beat a Drum all day long in the  
middle of the wilderness.

U—The Umbrageous Umbrella-maker,  
whose Face nobody ever saw, because it was  
always covered by his Umbrella.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

V—The Visibly Vicious Vulture,  
who wrote some verses to a Veal-cutlet in a  
Volume bound in Vellum.

W—The Worrying Whizzing Wasp,  
who stood on a Table, and played sweetly on a  
Flute with a Morning Cap.

X—The Excellent Double-extra XX  
imbibing King Xerxes, who lived a  
long while ago.

Y—The Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo,  
whose Head was ever so much bigger than his  
Body, and whose Hat was rather small.

Z—The Zigzag Zealous Zebra,  
who carried five Monkeys on his back all  
the way to Jellibolee.

*Edward Lear.*

## TYPOGRAPHICAL WHIMSEYS

---

### DIRGE

To the memory of Miss Ellen Gee, of Kew, who died in consequence of being stung in the eye.

PEERLESS yet hapless maid of Q!  
Accomplish'd LN G!  
Never again shall I and U  
Together sip our T.

For, ah! the Fates, I know not Y,  
Sent 'midst the flowers a B,  
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,  
So that she could not C.

LN exclaim'd, "Vile spiteful B!  
If ever I catch U  
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,  
I'll change your stinging Q.

"I'll send you like a lamb or U  
Across th' Atlantic C.  
From our delightful village Q  
To distant O Y E.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

"A stream runs from my wounded I,  
Salt as the briny C  
As rapid as the X or Y,  
The OIO or D.

"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!  
Who stung, nor yet knew Y,  
Since not for wealthy Durham's C  
Would I have lost my I."

They bear with tears fair LN G  
In funeral R A,  
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B  
Whilst I mourn her DK.

Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,  
List to the reason Y;  
For should A B C U at T,  
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,  
She's cold as cold can B,  
Whilst robins sing upon A U  
Her dirge and LEG.

*Anonymous.*

## O D V

Containing a Full, True, and Particular Account of the Terrible  
Fate of Abraham Isaacs, of Ivy Lane.

I N I V Lane, of C T fame,  
There lived a man D C,  
And A B I 6 was his name,  
Now mark his history.

[ 48 ]

## *Typographical Whimseys*

---

Long time his conduct free from blame  
Did merit L O G,  
Until an evil spirit came  
In the shape of O D V.

“O! that a man into his mouth  
Should put an N M E  
To steal away his brains”—no drouth  
Such course from sin may free.

Well, A B drank, the O T Loon!  
And learned to swear, sans ruth;  
And then he gamed, and U Z soon  
To D V 8 from truth.

An hourly glass with him was play,  
He'd swallow that with phlegm;  
Judge what he'd M T in a day,  
“X P D Herculem.”

Of virtue none to sots, I trow,  
With F E K C prate;  
And O of N R G could now  
From A B M N 8.

Who on strong liquor badly dote,  
Soon poverty must know;  
Thus A B in a C D coat  
Was shortly forced to go.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

From poverty D C T he caught,  
And cheated not A F U,  
For what he purchased paying 0,  
Or but an "I O U."

Or else when he had tried B 4,  
To shirk a debt, his wits,  
He'd cry, "You shan't wait N E more.  
I'll W or quits."

So lost did I 6 now A P R,  
That said his wife, said she,  
"F U act so, your fate quite clear  
Is for I 2 4 C."

His inside soon was out and out  
More fiery than K N;  
And while his state was thereabout  
A cough C V R came.

He I P K Q N A tried,  
And linseed T and rue;  
But 0 could save him, so he died  
As every 1 must 2.

Poor wight! till black i' the face he raved,  
'Twas P T S 2 C  
His latest spirit "spirit" craved—  
His last words, "O D V."

### MORAL

I'll not S A to preach and prate,  
But tell U if U do  
Drink O D V at such R 8,  
Death will 4 stall U 2.

O U then who A Y Z have,  
Shun O D V as a wraith,  
For 'tis a bonus to the grave,  
And S A unto death.

*Anonymous.*

### AN ALPHABETICAL WOOING

L ET others talk of L N's eyes,  
And K T's figure light and free,  
Say L R, too, is beautiful—  
I heed them not while U I C.  
U need not N V them, for U  
X L them all, my M L E.  
I have no words when I would tell  
How much in love with U I B.  
So sweet U R, my D R E,  
I love your very F E G;  
And when you speak or sing, your voice  
Is like a winsome L O D.  
When U R I C, hope D K's,  
I am a mere non- N T T.  
Such F E K C has your smile,  
It shields from N E N M E.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

For love so deep as mine, I fear,  
There is no other M E D.  
But that you love me back again—  
O, thought of heavenly X T C;  
So, lest my M T heart and I  
Should sing for love and L E G,  
T's me no more—B Y's, B kind,  
O, M L E, U R, I C!

*Anonymous.*

### O I C

I'M in a roder mood to-day  
& feel poetic, 2;  
4 fun I'll just — off a line  
& send it off 2 U.

I'm sorry you've been 6 O long;  
Don't B disconsol8;  
But bear your ills with 42de,  
& they won't seem so gr8.

*Anonymous.*

### THE ZEALLESS XYLOGRAPHER \*

*(Dedicated to the End of the Dictionary)*

A XYLOGRAPHER started to cross the sea  
By means of a Xanthic Xebec;  
But, alas! he sighed for the Zuyder Zee,  
And feared he was in for a wreck.

\* By permission of the Century Company.

## *Typographical Whimseys*

---

He tried to smile, but all in vain,  
Because of a Zygomatic pain;  
And as for singing, his cheeriest tone  
Reminded him of a Xylophone—  
Or else, when the pain would sharper grow,  
His notes were as keen as a Zuffolo.  
And so it is likely he did not find  
On board Xenodochy to his mind.  
The fare was poor, and he was sure  
Xerophagy he could not endure;  
Zoöphagous surely he was, I aver,  
This dainty and starving Xylographer.  
Xylophagous truly he could not be—  
No sickly vegetarian he!  
He'd have blubbered like any old Zeuglodon  
Had Xerophthalmia not come on.  
And the end of it was he never again  
In a Xanthic Xebec went sailing the main.

*Mary Mapes Dodge*

## A GEOGRAPHICAL LOVE SONG

I N the State of Mass.  
There lived a lass,  
I love to go N. C.;  
No other Miss.  
Can e'er, I Wis.,  
Be half so dear to Me.  
R. I. is blue  
And her cheeks the hue  
Of shells where waters swash;

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

On her pink-white phiz.  
There Nev. Ariz.  
The least complexion Wash.  
La.! could I win  
The heart of Minn.,  
I'd ask for nothing more,  
But I only dream  
Upon the theme,  
And Conn. it o'er and Ore.  
Why is it, pray,  
I can't Ala.  
This love that makes me Ill.?  
N. Y., O., Wy.  
Kan. Nev. Ver. I  
Propose to her my will?  
I shun the task  
'Twould be to ask  
This gentle maid to wed.  
And so, to press  
My suit, I guess  
Alaska Pa. instead.

*Anonymous.*

### THE SUNDAY FISHERMAN

A FISHERMAN, on angling bent,  
One Sabbath morning left his tent.  
The Tent, A

He took his can, and very quick  
He dug his fish-worms with a pick.

The Pick, (— The Worms, & &

## *Typographical Whimsies*

---

He thought he'd try for bass and smelt,  
And fixed his fish-bag to his belt.

The Belt,  The Bag, 

In case some fish of size he'd get,  
He took along his landing-net.

The Landing-Net, 

As fishermen get very dry,  
They always have a flask hard by.

The Flask, 

As fishermen get hungry, too,  
Of pretzels he procured a few.

The Pretzels, 

Some lines he took along on spools  
To teach them to the finny schools.

The Spools, 

He had some entertaining books  
Of highly-tempered Limerick hooks.

The Hooks, J J J

And thus prepared, he got his boat,  
And out upon the stream did float.

The Boat, 

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Whene'er the wind began to fail  
He used the paddle with the sail.

The Paddle, <>

He stopped to fish, among the sedge,  
A mile or so below the bridge.

The Bridge, 7777777>

Some bites he straight began to get,  
It was the gallinippers bit.

The Gallinippers, ✕ ✕ ✕

One of his lines spun off the reel;  
He landed in the boat an eel.

The Eel, ∞

Then quickly it began to rain,  
But his umbrella was in vain.

The Umbrella, ⌂

Above his head the thunder crashed,  
And all around the lightning flashed.

The Lightning, ≡

The storm blew, and the boat upset;  
The man went down into the wet.

The Upturned Boat ⌂

## *Typographical Whimseys*

---

And as he sank, his bubbles rose,  
Smaller and smaller toward the close.

The Bubbles, O o o .

Oh, Sunday fishers, old and young,  
You will get drowned, or you'll get hung!

The Gallows, □□

. W. Bellaw.

### AN ARAB AND HIS DONKEY

A N Arab came to the river side,  
With a donkey bearing an obelisk;  
But he would not try to ford the tide,  
For he had too good an \*.

*Boston Globe.*

\* \* \*

So he camped all night by the river side,  
And he remained till the tide ceased to swell,  
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,  
He never would find its ||.

*Salem Sunbeam.*

\* \* \*

When the morning dawned, and tide was out,  
The pair crossed over 'neath Allah's protection;  
And the Arab was happy, we have no doubt,  
For he had the best donkey in all that §.

*Somerville Journal.*

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

You are wrong, they were drowned in crossing over,  
Though the donkey was bravest of all his race;  
He luxuriates now in horse-heaven clover,  
And his master has gone to the Prophet's #.

*Elevated Railway Journal.*

\* \* \*

These asinine poets deserved to be "blowed,"  
Their rhymes being faulty and frothy and beery;  
What really befell the ass and its load  
Will ever remain a desolate ?.

*Paper and Print.*

\* \* \*

Our Yankee friends, with all their —  
For once, we guess, their mark have missed;  
And with poetry Paper and Print is rash  
In damming its flow with its editor's ~~head~~.

In parable and moral leave a between,  
For reflection, or your wits fall out of joint;  
The "Arab," ye see, is a printing machine,  
And the donkey is he who can't see the .

*British and Colonial Printer.*

## A SONG OF THE &

O F all the types in a printer's hand  
Commend me to the ampersand,  
For he's the gentleman (seems to me)  
Of the typographical companie.

## *Typographical Whimseys*

---

O my nice little ampersand,  
My graceful, swanlike ampersand!  
Nothing that Cadmus ever planned  
Equals my elegant ampersand!

Many a letter your writers hate,  
Ugly Q, with its tail so straight,  
X, that makes you cross as a bear,  
And Z, that helps you with "zounds" to swear.

But not my nice little ampersand,  
My easily dashed off ampersand;  
Any odd shape folks understand  
To mean my Protean ampersand.

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff;  
Never he's used in scold or tiff;  
State epistles, so dull and so grand,  
Mustn't contain the shortened "and."

No, my nice little ampersand,  
You are good for those who're jolly and bland;  
In days when letters were dried with sand,  
Old frumps wouldn't use my ampersand.

But he is dear in old friendship's call,  
Or when love is laughing through lady scrawl,  
"Come & dine & have bachelor's fare,"  
"Come & I'll keep you a round & square."  
Yes, my nice little ampersand  
Never must into a word expand;  
Gentle sign of affection stand,  
My kind, familiar ampersand.

*Anonymous.*

LOVELILTS

THINE eyes, dear one, dot dot, are like, dash,  
what?

They, pure as sacred oils, bless and anoint  
My sin-swamped soul which at thy feet  
sobs out,

O exclamation point, O point, O point!

Ah, had I words, blank blank, which, dot, I've not,  
I'd swoon in songs which should'st illumine the dark  
With light of thee. Ah, God (it's *strong* to swear)  
Why, why, interrogation mark, why, mark?

Dot dot dot dot. And so, dash, yet, but nay!  
My tongue takes pause; some words must not be  
said,  
For fear the world, cold hyphen eyed, austere,  
Should'st shake thee by the throat till reason  
fled.

One hour of love we've had. Dost thou recall  
Dot dot dash blank interrogation mark?  
The night was ours, blue heaven over all  
Dash, God! dot stars, keep thou our secret dark!

*Anonymous.*

## ROMANTIC RECOLLECTIONS

### I

WHEN I lay in a cradle and suck'd a coral,  
I lov'd romance in my childish way;  
And stories, with or without a moral,  
Were welcome as ever the flow'rs in May.

For love of the false I learnt

my spelling,

And brav'd the perils of—



While matters of fact were

most repelling,

Romance was pleasant as aught could—



### II

My reading took me to desert islands,  
And buried me deep in Arabian Nights;  
Sir Walter led me amongst the Highlands,  
Or into the thickest of Moslem fights.

I found the elder Dumas delightful—

Before the son had eclips'd the—



And Harrison Ainsworth finely

frightful,

And Fenimore Cooper far from—

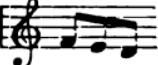


### III

A few years later I took to reading  
The morbid stories of Edgar Poe—  
Not healthy viands for youthful feeding  
(And all my advisers told me so).

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

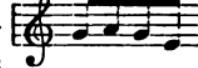
But, healthy or not, I enjoy'd them  
vastly;

My feverish fancy was nightly—  
Upon horrible crimes and murders  
ghastly  
Which sent me terrified off to—

### IV

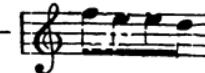
Well; what with perils upon the prairies,  
And haunted ruins and ghosts in white,  
And wars with giants and gifts from fairies,  
At last I came to be craz'd outright.

And many a time, in my nightly  
slumbers,

Bearing a glove as a lady's—  
I held the lists against countless  
numbers,  
After the style of the darkest—

### V

I am chang'd at present; the olden fever  
Has left my brain in a sounder state;  
In commonplace I'm a firm believer,  
And hunt for figure and fact and date.

I have lost a lot of my old affection,  
For books on which I was wont to—  
But still I can thrill at the recol-  
lection

Of mystery, magic, and martial—

*Henry S. Leigh.*

## LIPOGRAMS \*

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### FOUR LIPOGRAMS

#### THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR

WAR harms all ranks, all arts, all crafts appal;  
At Mars' harsh blast arch, rampart, altar  
fall!

Ah! hard as adamant a braggart Czar  
Arms vassal-swarms, and fans a fatal war!  
Rampant at that bad call, a Vandal band  
Harass, and harm, and ransack Wallach-land.  
A Tartar phalanx Balkan's scarp hath past,  
And Allah's standard falls, alas! at last.

#### THE FALL OF EVE

EVE, Eden's empress, needs defended be;  
The Serpent greets her when she seeks the  
tree.

Serene she sees the speckled tempter creep;  
Gentle he seems—perverted schemer deep—

\* Poems so constructed as to omit entirely a certain letter, or, on the contrary, restricted to the use of but one vowel.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Yet endless pretexts, ever fresh, prefers,  
Perverts her senses, revels when she errs,  
Sneers when she weeps, regrets, repents she fell,  
Then, deep-revenged, reseeks the nether Hell!

### THE APPROACH OF EVENING

**I**DLING I sit in this mild twilight dim,  
Whilst birds, in wild swift vigils, circling skim.  
Light wings in sighing sink, till, rising bright,  
Night's Virgin Pilgrim swims in vivid light.

### INCONTROVERTIBLE FACTS

**N**O monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot,  
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot.  
From Donjon tops no Oronooko rolls.  
Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.  
Troops of old tossspots oft to sot consort.  
Box tops our schoolboys, too, do flog for sport.  
No cool monsoons blow oft on Oxford dons,  
Orthodox, jog-trot, book-worm Solomons!  
Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show.  
On London shop-fronts no hop-blossoms grow.  
To crocks of gold no Dodo looks for food.  
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood.  
Long storm-tost sloops forlorn do work to port.  
Rooks do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort.  
Nor dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,  
Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

*Anonymous.*

## PHILOSOPHY

DULL humdrum murmurs lull, but hubbub stuns.

Lucullus snuffs up musk, mundungus shuns.  
Puss purs, buds burst, bucks butt, luck turns up  
trumps;

But full cups, hurtful, spur up unjust thumps.

*Anonymous*

## THE FATE OF NASSAN \*

OLD Nassan quits his caravan,  
A hazy mountain grot to scan;  
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,  
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,  
Finds Nassan in that mazy wild;  
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain—  
Poor wight! why didst thou quit that plain.

Vainly for succour Nassan calls,  
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassan falls;  
But prowling wolf and fox may joy,  
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

*Anonymous*

\* E is omitted.

ALPHABET VERSE \*

G OD gives the grazing ox his meat,  
    And quickly hears the sheep's low cry,  
B ut man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
    Should joy to lift his praises high.

*Anonymous.*

\* This stanza includes all the letters of the alphabet.

## ALLITERATIVE WHIMSEYS

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### MY MADELINE

MY Madeline! my Madeline!  
Mark my melodious midnight moans  
Much may my melting music mean,  
My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,  
My mental music magazine,  
My mouth, my mind, my memory,  
Must mingling murmur "Madeline."

Muster 'mid midnight masquerades,  
Mark Moorish maidens', matrons' mien,  
'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids  
Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make  
Much melancholy music mine;  
Many my motives may mistake,  
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's most mirthful mood  
Much mollifies my mind's machine;  
My mournfulness' magnitude  
Melts—makes me merry—Madeline'

Match-making mas may machinate,  
Manœuvring misses me misween;  
Mere money may make many mate;  
My magic motto's, "Madeline!"

Melt, most mellifluous melody,  
Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,  
Meet me 'mid moonlight—marry me,  
Madonna mia!—my Madeline!

*Anonymous.*

### BLOOM, BEAUTEOUS BLOSSOMS

**B**LOOM, beauteous blossoms, budding bow-  
ers beneath!  
Behold, Boreas' bitter blast by brief  
Bright beams becalmed; balmy breezes  
breathe,  
Banishing blight, bring bliss beyond be-  
lief.

Build, bonny birds! By bending birchen bough,  
By bush, by beech, by buttressed branches bare,  
By bluebell-brightened bramble-brake; bestow  
Bespeckled broods; but bold bad boys beware!

Babble, blithe brooklet! Barren borders breach,  
Bathe broomy banks, bright buttercups bedew,  
Briskly by bridge, by beetling bluff, by beach,  
Beckoned by bravely bounding billows blue!

*Sir Patrick Fells.*

SUSAN SIMPSON

SUDDEN swallows swiftly skimming,  
Sunset's slowly spreading shade,  
Silvery songsters sweetly singing,  
Summer's soothing serenade.

Susan Simpson strolled sedately,  
Stifling sobs, suppressing sighs.  
Seeing Stephen Slocum, stately  
She stopped, showing some surprise.

"Say," said Stephen, "sweetest sigher;  
Say, shall Stephen spouseless stay?"  
Susan, seeming somewhat shyer,  
Showed submissiveness straightway.

Summer's season slowly stretches,  
Susan Simpson Slocum she—  
So she signed some simple sketches—  
Soul sought soul successfully.

• • • •  
Six Septembers Susan swelters;  
Six sharp seasons snow supplies;  
Susan's satin sofa shelters  
Six small Slocums side by side.

*Anonymous.*

### THE CUSHAT

THE cushion croods, the corbie cries,  
The cuckoo conks, the prattling pies  
To geck there they begin;  
The jargon of the jangling jays,  
The cracking crows and keckling jays,  
They deav'd me with their din;  
The painted pawn, with Argus eyes,  
Can on his May-cock call,  
The turtle wails on wither'd trees,  
And echo answers all.  
Repeating with greeting,  
How fair Narcissus fell,  
By lying and spying  
His shadow in the well.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,  
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,  
But quiet, calm, and clear;  
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers.  
Whereon Apollo's paramours  
Had trinkled mony a tear;  
The which, like silver shakers, shined,  
Embroidering Beauty's bed,  
Wherewith their heavy heads declined  
In Maye's colours clad;  
Some knopping, some dropping  
Of balmy liquor sweet,  
Excelling and smelling  
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

*Alexander Montgomery.*

## QUÆRITUR

DAWN that disheartens the desolate dunes,  
Dulness of day as it bursts on the beach,  
Sea-wind that shrillest the thinnest of tunes,  
What is the wisdom thy wailings would  
teach?

Far, far away, down the foam-frescoed reach,  
Where ravening rocks cleave the crest of the  
seas,  
Sigheth the sound of thy sonorous speech,  
As grey gull and guillemot gather their fees;  
Taking toll of the beasts that are bred in the  
as.

Foam-flakes fly farther than faint eyes can follow—  
Drop down the desolate dunes and are done;  
Fleeter than foam-flowers flitteth the Swallow,  
Sheer for the sweets of the South and the Sun:  
What is thy tale, O thou treacherous Swallow?  
Sing me thy secret, Beloved of the Skies,  
That I may gather my garments and follow—  
Flee on the path of thy pinions and rise  
Where strong storms cease and the weary wind  
dies.

Lo! I am bound with the chains of my sorrow;  
Swallow, swift Swallow, ah, wait, for a while!  
Stay but a moment—it may be to-morrow  
Chains shall be severed and sad souls shall smile!

Only a moment—a mere minute's measure—

How shall it hurt such a swift one as thou?

Pitiless Swallow, full flushed for thy pleasure,

Canst thou not even one instant allow

To weaker-winged wanderers? Wait for me now!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

### PROCURATORES

O H, vestment of velvet and virtue,  
    Oh, venomous victors of vice,  
Who hurt men who never have hurt you,  
    Oh, calm, cold, crueler than ice!  
Why wilfully wage you this war? Is  
    All pity purged out of your breast?  
Oh, purse-prigging procuratores,  
    Oh, pitiless pest!

We had smote and made redder than roses,  
    With juice not of fruit nor of bud,  
The truculent townspeople's noses,  
    And bathed brutal butchers in blood;  
And we all aglow in our glories,  
    Heard you not in the deafening din;  
And ye came, O ye procuratores,  
    And ran us all in!

*From the Shotover Papers.*

## ACROSTICS

---

### ACROSTIC

Earth now is green and heaven is blue;  
Lively spring which makes all new.  
Iolly spring doth enter.  
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue  
Angry aged winter.  
Blasts are mild and seas are calm,  
Every meadow flows with balm,  
The earth wears all her riches,  
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm  
As ear and heart bewitches.

Reserve (sweet spring) this nymph of ours,  
Eternal garlands of thy flowers,  
Green garlands never wasting;  
In her shall last our state's fair spring,  
Now and forever flourishing,  
As long as heaven is lasting.

*Sir John Davies.*

### ACROSTIC

Go, little poem, and present  
Respectful terms of compliment,  
A Gentle Lady bids thee speak;  
Courteous is She, though Thou be weak.  
Evoke from Heav'n, as thick as Manna,

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Joy after joy, on Grace Joanna.  
On Fornham's glebe and pasture land  
A blessing pray. Long, long may stand,  
Not touch'd by time, the Rectory blithe.  
No grudging churl dispute his tithe.  
At Easter be the offerings due

With cheerful spirit paid. Each pew  
In decent order fill'd. No noise  
Loud intervene to drown the voice,  
Learning or wisdom, of the Teacher.  
Impressive be the Sacred Preacher,  
And strict his notes on Holy Page.  
**May young and old from age to age**  
Salute and still point out the "Good Man's Parson-  
age."

*Charles Lamb.*

### ACROSTIC

Lovely and loved, o'er the unconquered brave  
Your charms resistless, matchless girl, shall reign,  
Dear as the mother holds her infant's grave,  
In Love's warm regions, warm, romantic Spain.  
And should your fate to courts your steps ordain,

Kings would in vain to regal pomp appeal,  
And lordly bishops kneel to you in vain,  
Nor Valour's fire, Love's power, nor Churchman's  
zeal  
Endure 'gainst Love's (time's up) untarnished  
steel.

*Bogart.*

ACROSTIC \*

“Are you deaf, Father William?” the young man said,  
“Did you hear what I told you just now?  
“Excuse me for shouting! Don’t waggle your head  
“Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!  
“A little maid dwelling in Wallington Town,  
“Is my friend, so I beg to remark;  
“Do you think she’d be pleased if a book were sent  
    down  
“Entitled ‘The Hunt of the Snark?’”  
  
“Pack it up in brown paper!” the old man cried,  
“And seal it with olive-and-dove.  
“I command you to do it!” he added with pride,  
“Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside  
“Easter Greetings, and give her my love.”

*Lewis Carroll.*

AN ACROSTIC

Friendship, thou’rt false! I hate thy flattering smile!  
Return to me those years I spent in vain.  
In early youth the victim of thy guile,  
Each joy took wing ne’er to return again,—  
Ne’er to return; for, chilled by hopes deceived,  
Dully the slow-paced hours now move along;  
So changed the times when thoughtless I believed  
Her honeyed words, and heard her siren song.  
If e’er, as me, she lure some youth to stray,  
Perhaps, before too late, he’ll listen to my lay.

*Anonymous.*

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

AN ACROSTIC \*

A boat, beneath a sunny sky  
Lingering onward dreamily  
In an evening of July—

Children three that nestle near,  
Eager eye and willing ear,  
Pleased a simple tale to hear—

Long has paled that sunny sky:  
Echoes fade and memories die:  
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,  
Alice, moving under skies  
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children, yet, the tale to hear,  
Eager eye and willing ear,  
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie,  
Dreaming as the days go by,  
Dreaming as the summers die;

Ever drifting down the stream—  
Lingering in the golden gleam—  
Life, what is it but a dream?

*Lewis Carroll.*

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Unite and untie are the same—so say you.  
Not in wedlock, I ween, has the unity been.  
In the drama of marriage, each wandering gout  
To a new face would fly—all except you and I  
Each seeking to alter the spell in their scene.

*Anonymous.*

## PECULIAR ACROSTIC

### A Valentine

(*Read the first letter of the first line, second letter of the second line, and so on.*)

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose lumi-  
inous eyes,  
Brightly expressive as the twins of Leda,  
Shall find her own sweet name, that nestling lies  
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.  
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure  
Divine—a talisman—an amulet  
That must be worn at heart. Search well the  
measure—  
The words—the syllables! Do not forget  
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour!  
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
If one could merely comprehend the plot.

Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
Eye's scintillating soul, there lie perdus  
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
Of poets by poets—as the name is a poet's, too,  
Its letters, although naturally lying  
Like the Knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—  
Still form a synonym for Truth. Cease trying!  
You will not read the riddle, though you do the  
best you can do!

*Edgar Allan Poe.*

### PARTICULAR ACROSTIC

Though crost in our affections, still the flames  
Of Honour shall secure our noble Names;  
Nor shall Our fate divorce our faith, Or cause  
The least Mislike of love's Diviner lawes.  
Crosses sometimes Are cures, Now let us prove,  
That no strength Shall Abate the power of love:  
Honour, wit, beauty, Riches, wise men call  
Frail fortune's Badges, In true love lies all.  
Therefore to him we Yield, our Vowes shall be  
Paid — Read, and written in Eternity:  
That All may know when men grant no Redress,  
Much love can sweeten the unhappinesS.

*Thomas Jordan.*

## ENIGMAS AND CHARADES

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### ENIGMA ON THE LETTER H

**T**WAS whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,

And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;  
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed;  
'Twill be found in the sphere when 'tis riven  
asunder,

Be seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder.  
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,  
It assists at his birth and attends him in death,  
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,  
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth,  
In the heaps of the miser is hoarded with care,  
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,  
It prays with the hermit, with monarchs is crowned;  
Without it the soldier, the sailor, may roam,  
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.  
In the whisper of conscience 'tis sure to be found,  
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned;  
'Twill soften the heart, but, though deaf to the ear,  
It will make it acutely and instantly hear;

But, in short, let it rest like a delicate flower;  
Oh, breathe on it softly, it dies in an hour.

*Catherine Fanshawe.*

### TRAVESTY OF MISS FANSHAWE'S ENIGMA

I DWELLS in the Hearth, and I breathes in  
the Hair;  
If you searches the Hocean, you'll find that  
I'm there.  
The first of all Hangels in Holympus am Hi,  
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaven, expelled from on  
'igh.  
But, though on this Horb I'm destined to grovel,  
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel.  
Not an 'Orse, not an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!  
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.  
I resides in a Hattic, and loves not to roam,  
And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.  
Though 'Ushed in the 'Urricane, of the Hatmo-  
sphere part,  
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.  
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye Hi appear;  
Only 'Ark, and you'll 'Ear me just breathe in the  
Hear.  
Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)  
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.  
Of Heterinity I'm the beginning! and, mark,  
Though I goes not with Noar, I'm first in the Hark,

I'm never in 'Ealth, have with Fysic no power,  
I dies in a month, but comes back in a Hour.

*Horace Maybew.*

### THE LETTER H'S PROTEST TO THE COCKNEY'S

**W**HEREAS by you I have been driven  
From 'ouse, from 'ome, from 'ope, from  
'eaven,  
And placed by your most learned society  
In Hexile, Hanguish, and Hanxiety,  
Nay, charged without one just pretence  
With Harrogance and Himpudence,—  
I here demand full restitution,  
And beg you'll mend your Hellocation.

*Mr. Skeat.*

### ENIGMA ON THE LETTER I

**I** AM not in youth, nor in manhood or age,  
But in infancy ever am known.  
I'm a stranger alike to the fool and the sage,  
And though I'm distinguished on history's page,  
I always am greatest alone.

I'm not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon;  
You may search all the sky, I'm not there;  
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,  
You may plainly perceive me, for, like a balloon,  
I am always suspended in air.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Though disease may possess me, and sickness, and  
    pain,  
    I am never in sorrow or gloom.  
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,  
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,  
    Yet I ne'er shall be found in the tomb.

*Catherine Fanshawe.*

### AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA

**T**HE noblest object in the works of art,  
    The brightest scenes which nature can im-  
        part;  
The well-known signal in the time of peace,  
The point essential in a tenant's lease;  
The farmer's comfort as he drives the plough,  
A soldier's duty, and a lover's vow;  
A contract made before the nuptial tie,  
A blessing riches never can supply;  
A spot that adds new charms to pretty faces,  
An engine used in fundamental cases;  
A planet seen between the earth and sun,  
A prize that merit never yet has won;  
A loss which prudence seldom can retrieve,  
The death of Judas, and the fall of Eve;  
A part between the ankle and the knee,  
A papist's toast and a physician's fee;  
A wife's ambition and a parson's dues,  
A miser's idol, and the badge of Jews.  
If now your happy genius can divine  
A corresponding word for every line,

## *Enigmas and Charades*

---

By the first letters plainly may be found  
An ancient city that is much renowned.

*Anna Seward.*

### AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA

I SIT stern as a rock when I'm raising the wind,  
But the storm once abated, I'm gentle and kind.

I have Kings at my feet, who await but my nod  
To kneel down in the dust on the ground I have  
trod.

Though seen by the world, I am known but to few;  
The Gentile deserts me, I am pork to the Jew.

I have never passed but one night in the dark,  
And that was like Noah, alone in the ark.

My weight is three pounds, my length is one mile,  
And when you have guessed me, you'll say with a  
smile

That my first and my last are the best of this isle.

*Anonymous.*

### AN UNSOLVED ENIGMA

I 'M the stoutest of voices in Orchestra heard,  
And yet in an Orchestra never have been.  
I'm a bird of bright plumage, yet less like a  
bird

Nothing in nature ever was seen.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Touching earth I expire, in water I die,  
In air I lose breath, yet can swim and can fly.  
Darkness destroys me, and light is my death;  
You can't keep me alive without stopping my  
breath.

If my name can't be guessed by a boy or a man,  
By a girl or a woman it certainly can.

*Anonymous.*

### OLD RIDDLE \*

**G**OD made Adam out of dust;  
But thought it best to make me first.  
And I was made before the man  
According to God's holy plan.  
My body he did make complete;  
But without arms, or legs, or feet.  
My ways and actions did control  
And I was made without a soul.  
A living creature I became;  
'Twas Adam that gave me my name.  
Then from his presence I withdrew;  
Nor more of Adam ever knew.  
I did my Maker's laws obey:  
From them I never went astray;  
Thousands of miles I roam in fear;  
But seldom on the land appear.  
But God in me did something see,  
And put a living soul in me.  
A soul in me the Lord did claim,  
And took from me that soul again.

\* Answer: The whale that swallowed Jonah.

And when from me that soul was fled,  
I was the same as when first made.  
And without arms, or legs, or soul,  
I travel now from pole to pole;  
I labor hard both day and night;  
To fallen men I give great light.  
Thousands of people young and old,  
Do by my death great light behold.  
No fear of death doth trouble me,  
Nor happiness I cannot see.  
To heaven above I ne'er shall go;—  
Nor to the grave, nor hell below.  
The Scriptures I cannot believe  
Whether right or wrong I can't conceive  
Although my name therein is found  
They are to me an empty sound.  
And when friends these lines do read  
Go search the Scriptures with all speed,  
And if my name you can't find there,  
It will be strange—I do declare.

*Anonymous.*

#### A FAMOUS RIDDLE \*

COME and commiserate  
One who was blind,  
Homeless and desolate,  
Void of a mind;  
Guileless, deceiving,  
Through unbelieving,

\* Answer: See I Samuel xix. 13

Free from all sin;  
By mortals adored,  
Still I ignored  
The world I was in.  
King Ptolemy's, Cæsar's  
And Tiglath-pileser's  
Birthdays are shown;  
Wise men, astrologers,  
All are acknowledgers,  
Mine is unknown,  
I ne'er had a father  
Or mother; or rather,  
If I had either,  
Then they were neither  
Alive at my birth;  
Lodged in a palace,  
Hunted by malice,  
I did not inherit  
By lineage or merit  
A spot on the earth.  
Nursed among pagans,  
No one baptized me,  
A sponsor I had  
Who ne'er catechised me;  
She gave me the name  
To her heart was the dearest,  
She gave me the place  
To her bosom was nearest;  
But one look of kindness  
She cast on me never,  
Nor a word in my blindness  
I heard from her ever.

## *Enigmas and Charades*

---

Compassed by dangers,  
Nothing could harm me;  
By foemen and strangers,  
Naught could alarm me;  
I saved, I destroyed;  
I blessed, I annoyed;  
Kept a crown for a Prince,  
But had none of my own;  
Filled the place of a King,  
But ne'er sat on a throne;  
Rescued a warrior; baffled a plot;  
Was what I seemed not,  
Seemed what I was not;  
Devoted to slaughter,  
A price on my head,  
A King's lovely daughter  
Watched by my bed;  
Though gently she dressed me,  
Fainting with fear,  
She never caressed me  
Nor wiped off a tear,  
Never moistened my lips  
Though parching and dry  
(What marvel a blight  
Should pursue till she die!)  
'Twas royalty nursed me,  
Wretched and poor;  
'Twas royalty cursed me  
In secret, I'm sure.  
I live not, I died not;  
But tell you I must  
That ages have passed

Since I first turned to dust.  
This paradox whence?  
This squalor! This splendor!  
Say! was I a King,  
Or a silly pretender?  
Fathom the mystery,  
Deep in my history!  
Was I a man?  
An angel supernal?  
A demon infernal?  
Solve it who can!

*Anonymous*

OLD RIDDLE \*

**I**F it be true, as Welshmen say,  
Honor depends on pedigree,  
Then stand by—clear the way—  
And let me have fair play.  
For, though you boast thro' ages dark  
Your pedigree from Noah's ark,  
I, too, was with him there.  
For I was Adam, Adam I,  
And I was Eve, and Eve was I,  
In spite of wind and weather;  
But, mark me—Adam was not I,  
Neither was Mrs. Adam I,  
Unless they were together.  
Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking—  
With all my heart, but if they're walking  
There ends all simile,

\* Answer : A bedfellow.

## *Enigmas and Charades*

---

For, tho' I've tongue and often talk,  
And tho' I've feet, yet when I walk  
There is an end of me!  
Not such an end but I have breath,  
Therefore to such a kind of death  
I have but small objection.  
I may be Turk, I may be Jew,  
And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true  
I die by resurrection!

*Anonymous.*

### ENIGMA ON COD

CUT off my head, and singular I act,  
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;  
Cut off my head and tail, and, wondrous fact,  
Although my middle's left, there's nothing  
there.  
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea;  
What is my tail cut off? A flowing river,  
In whose translucent depths I fearless play,  
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute forever.

*Anonymous.*

### CHARADE \*

COME from my First, ay, come;  
The battle dawn is nigh,  
And the screaming trump and the thun-  
dering-drum  
Are calling thee to die.

\* Campbell.

Fight, as thy father fought;  
Fall, as thy father fell:  
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;  
So forward and farewell!

Toll ye my Second, toll;  
Fling high the flambeau's light;  
And sing the hymn for a parted soul  
Beneath the silent night;  
The helm upon his head,  
The cross upon his breast,  
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:  
Now take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, go call  
The lord of lute and lay,  
And let him greet the sable pall  
With a noble song to-day;  
Ay, call him by his name,  
No fitter hand may crave  
To light the flame of a soldier's fame  
On the turf of a soldier's grave!

*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

## ANAGRAMS

---

### A TELEGRAM ANAGRAMMATISED

THOUGH but a *late germ*, with a wondrous elation,  
Yet like a *great elm* it o'ershadows each station,  
*Et malgré* the office is still a large free mart,  
So joyous the crowd was, you'd thought it a *glee mart* ;  
But they raged at no news from the nations belligerent,  
And I said, *Let'm rage*, since the air is refrigerant.  
I then met large numbers, whose drink was not sherbet,  
Who scarce could look up when their eyes the gas-glare met ;  
So when I had learned from commercial adviser,  
That *mere galt* for sand was the great fertiliser,  
I bade *Mr. Eaglet*, although 'twas ideal,  
Get some from the clay-pit, and so *get'm real* ;  
Then, just as my footstep was leaving the portal,  
I met an *elm targe* on a great Highland mortal,  
With the maid he had wooed by the loch's flowery margelet,  
And rowed in his boat, which for rhyme's sake call bargelet,

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

And blithe to the breeze would have set the sail  
daily,  
But it blew at that rate which our sailors *term gale*,  
aye;  
I stumbled against the fair bride he had married,  
When a *merle* gat at large from a cage that she car-  
ried;  
She gave a loud screech! and I could not well blame  
her,  
But lame as I was, I'd no wish to *get lamer* ;  
So I made my escape—ne'er an antelope fleeter,  
Lest my verse, like the poet, should limp through  
*lag metre.*

*Dr. John Abernethy.*

## PALINDROMES\*

---

### PALINDROMES

ONE winter's eve around the fire, a cosy group, we sat,  
Engaged, as was our custom old, in after-dinner chat:  
Small talk it was, no doubt, because the smaller folk were there,  
And they, the young monopolists! absorbed the lion's share.  
Conundrums, riddles, rebuses, cross-questions, puns atrocious,  
Taxed all their ingenuity, till Peter the precocious—  
Old head on shoulders juvenile—cried, 'Now for a new task,  
Let's try our hand at Palindromes!' 'Agreed!  
But first,' we ask,  
'Pray, Peter, what are Palindromes?' The forward imp replied,  
'A Palindrome's a string of words, of sense or meaning void,  
Which reads both ways the same; and here, with your permission,

\* Words or phrases which read the same backward or forward.

## *A Whimsery Anthology*

---

I'll cite some half-a-score of samples, lacking all precision,  
(But held together by loose rhymes) to test my definition!

"A milksop jilted by his lass, or wandering in his wits,

Might murmur, *Stiff, O dairyman, in a myriad of fits!*

A limner, by photography dead beat in competition,  
Thus grumbled: *No, it is opposed, art sees trade's opposition!*

A nonsense-loving nephew might his soldier uncle dun,

With *Now stop, Major-general, are negro jam pots won!*

A supercilious grocer, if inclined that way, might snub

A child with, *But Ragusa store, babe, rots a sugar tub!*

Thy sceptre, Alexander, is a fortress, cried Hephaestion;

Great A. said, *No, it's a bar of gold, a bad log for a bastion!*

A timid creature fearing rodents—mice, and such small fry—

*Stop, Syrian, I start at rats in airy spots, might cry.*

A simple soul, whose wants are few, might say with hearty zest,

*Desserts I desire not, so long no lost one rise distressed.*

## *Palindromes*

---

A stern Canadian parent might—in earnest, not in fun—

Exclaim, *No sot nor Ottawa law at Toronto, son!*

A crazy dentist might declare, as something strange or new,

That *Paget saw an Irish tooth, sir, in a waste-gap!* True!

A surly student, hating sweets, might answer with elan,

*Name tarts, no, medieval slave, I demonstrate man!*

He who in Nature's bitters findeth sweet food every day,

*Eureka! till I pull up ill I take rue, well might say."*

*H. Campkin.*

## PALINDROME LINES

**S**ALTA, tu levis es; summus se si velut Atlas,  
(Omina se sinimus,) suminis es animo.

Sin, oro, caret arcana cratera coronis

Unam arcas, animes semina sacra manu.

Angere regnato, mutatum, o tangere regna,  
Sana tero, tauris si ruat oret anas:

Milo subi rivis, summus si viribus olim,

Muta sedes; animal lamina sede satum.

Tangeret, i videas, illisae divite regnat;

Aut atros ubinam manibus orta tua!

O tu casurus, rem non mersurus acuto

Telo, sis-ne, tenet? non tenet ensis, olet."

*Anonymous.*

## MNEMONICS

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### LADY MOON

(*How to tell her age*)

O LADY MOON, your horns point toward  
the east;  
Shine, be increased;  
O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west;  
Wane, be at rest.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

### DAYS IN THE MONTHS

THIRTY days hath September,  
April, June, and November,  
February has twenty-eight alone;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Excepting leap-year,—that's the time  
When February's days are twenty-nine.

*Anonymous.*

## THE PERFECT GREYHOUND

**I**F you would have a good tyke,  
Of which there are few like,—  
He must be headed like a snake,  
Necked like a drake,  
Backed like a bean,  
Tailed like a bat,  
And footed like a cat.

*Old Rhyme.*

## THE CUCKOO

*The Cuckoo's Habits*

**I**N April,  
Come he will;  
In May,  
He sings all day;  
In June,  
He changes his tune;  
In July,  
He makes ready to fly;  
In August,  
Go he must.

*Old Rhyme.*

## TWO APPLE-HOWLING SONGS

[Sung in orchards by Apple-howlers on Twelfth Day.]

### SURREY

HERE stands a good apple-tree.  
Stand fast at root,  
Bear well at top;  
Every little twig  
Bear an apple big;  
Every little bough  
Bear an apple now;  
Hats full! Caps full!  
Threescore sacks full!  
Hullo, boys! hullo!

### DEVONSHIRE

HERE'S to thee, old apple-tree,  
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou  
may'st blow,  
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!  
Hats full! Caps full!  
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,  
Old parson's breeches full,  
And my pockets full too!  
Huzza!

*Anonymous.*

## DAY'S OF BIRTH

**M**ONDAY'S child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for its living,  
And a child that's born on the Sabbath-day  
Is fair and wise and good and gay.

*Old Rhyme.*

## PROGNOSTICATIONS

**C**UT your nails Monday, you cut them for news;  
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;  
Cut them on Wednesday you cut them for  
health;  
Cut them on Thursday, 'twill add to your wealth;  
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for woe;  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
Cut them on Sunday you cut them for evil,  
For all the week long you'll be ruled by the devil.

*Anonymous.*

## HOURS OF SLEEP

NATURE requires five; custom gives seven;  
Laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven.

*Anonymous.*

### OLD ADAGE

EARLY to bed and early to rise—  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

*Anonymous.*

### OLD SAW

HE who would thrive, must rise at five;  
He who hath thriven, may lie till seven.

*Anonymous.*

### FRENCH ADAGE

LEVER à cinq, dîner à neuf,  
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,  
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

*Anonymous.*

### A CAUTION

I F you your lips  
Would keep from slips,  
Of these five things beware:  
Of whom you speak,  
To whom you speak,  
And how, and when, and where.

*Anonymous.*

## CAUTIONS

H E that spendeth much,  
And getteth nought;  
He that oweth much,  
And hath nought;  
He that looketh in his purse  
And findeth nought—  
He may be sorry,  
And say nought.

\*

He that may and will not,  
He then that would shall not,  
He that would and cannot,  
May repent and sigh not.

\*

He that sweareth  
Till no man trust him;  
He that lieth;  
Till no man believe him;  
He that borroweth  
Till no man will lend him,—  
Let him go where  
No man knoweth him.

\*

He that hath a good master,  
And cannot keep him;

He that hath a good servant,  
And not content with him;  
He that hath such conditions  
That no man loveth him,—  
May well know other,  
But few men will know him.

*Hugh Rhodes.*

### PHILOSOPHIC ADVICE

**H**E who knows not, and knows not that he  
knows not; he is a fool, shun him.  
He who knows not, and knows that he  
knows not; he is simple, teach him.  
He who knows, and knows not that he knows;  
he is asleep, wake him.  
He who knows, and knows that he knows; he is  
wise, follow him.

*Anonymous.*

### THE RIGHT SORT OF A FELLOW

**Y**OU may know the fellow  
Who thinks he thinks,  
Or the fellow who thinks he knows;  
But find the fellow  
Who knows he thinks—  
And you know the fellow who knows.

*Anonymous.*

### A MAN OF WORDS

**A** MAN of words and not of deeds,  
Is like a garden full of weeds;  
And when the weeds begin to grow,  
It's like a garden full of snow;  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall;  
And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky;  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door;  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a stick across your back;  
And when your back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife in your heart;  
And when your heart begins to bleed,  
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

*Anonymous.*

### SHERIDAN'S CALENDAR

**J**ANUARY snowy,  
February flowy,  
March blowy,

April showry,  
May flowery,  
June bowery,

July moppie,  
August croppy,  
September poppy,

October breezy,  
November wheezy,  
December freezy.

### A RULE OF THREE

**T**HERE is a rule to drink,  
    I think,  
        A rule of three  
That you'll agree  
With me  
Cannot be beaten  
And tends our lives to sweeten:  
Drink ere you eat,  
And while you eat,  
And after you have eaten!

*Wallace Rice.*

### REASONS FOR DRINKING

**I**F all be true that I do think,  
    There are five reasons we should drink;  
        Good wine—a friend—or being dry—  
Or lest we should be by and by—  
Or any other reason why.

*Dr. Henry Aldrich.*

A BACCHANALIAN TOAST

D RINK up  
Your cup,  
But not spill wine;  
For if you  
Do  
'Tis an ill sign.

*Robert Herrick.*

# CATALOGUE WHIMSEYS

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## THE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS

FIRST there's the Bible,  
And then the Koran,  
Odgers on Libel,  
Pope's Essay on Man,  
Confessions of Rousseau,  
The Essays of Lamb,  
Robinson Crusoe  
And Omar Khayyam,  
Volumes of Shelley  
And Venerable Bede,  
Machiavelli  
And Captain Mayne Reid,  
Fox upon Martyrs  
And Liddell and Scott,  
Stubbs on the Charters,  
The works of La Motte,  
The Seasons by Thomson,  
And Paul de Verlaine,  
Theodore Mommsen  
And Clemens (Mark Twain),  
The Rocks of Hugh Miller,  
The Mill on the Floss,  
The Poems of Schiller,  
The Iliados,

*Catalogue Whimseys*

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Don Quixote (Cervantes),  
La Pucelle by Voltaire,  
Inferno (that's Dante's),  
And Vanity Fair,  
Conybeare-Howson,  
Brillat-Savarin,  
And Baron Munchausen,  
Mademoiselle De Maupin,  
The Dramas of Marlowe,  
The Three Musketeers,  
Clarissa Harlowe,  
And the Pioneers,  
Sterne's Tristram Shandy,  
The Ring and the Book,  
And Handy Andy,  
And Captain Cook,  
The Plato of Jowett,  
And Mill's Pol. Econ.,  
The Haunts of Howitt,  
The Encheiridion,  
Lothair by Disraeli,  
And Boccaccio,  
The Student's Paley,  
And Westward Ho!  
The Pharmacopœia,  
Macaulay's Lays,  
Of course The Medea,  
And Sheridan's Plays,  
The Odes of Horace,  
And Verdant Green,  
The Poems of Morris,  
The Faerie Queen,

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

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The Stones of Venice,  
Natural History (White's),  
And then Pendennis,  
The Arabian Nights,  
Cicero's Orations,  
Plain Tales from the Hills,  
The Wealth of Nations,  
And Byles on Bills,  
As in a Glass Darkly,  
Demosthenes' Crown,  
The Treatise of Berkeley,  
Tom Hughes's Tom Brown,  
The Mahabharata,  
The Humour of Hook,  
The Kreutzer Sonata,  
And Lalla Rookh,  
Great Battles by Creasy,  
And Hudibras,  
And Midshipman Easy,  
And Rasselas,  
Shakespeare *in extenso*  
And the Æneid,  
And Euclid (Colenso),  
The Woman who Did,  
Poe's Tales of Mystery,  
Then Rabelais,  
Guizot's French History,  
And Men of the Day,  
Rienzi, by Lytton,  
The Poems of Burns,  
The Story of Britain,  
The Journey (that's Sterne's),

The House of Seven Gables,  
Carroll's Looking-glass,  
Æsop his Fables,  
And Leaves of Grass,  
Departmental Ditties,  
The Woman in White,  
The Tale of Two Cities,  
Ships that Pass in the Night,  
Meredith's Feverel,  
Gibbon's Decline,  
Walter Scott's Peveril,  
And—some verses of mine.

*Mostyn T. Pigott.*

#### A RHYME FOR MUSICIANS

HÄNDEL, Bendel, Mendelssohn,  
Brendel, Wendel, Jadassohn,  
Müller, Hiller, Heller, Franz,  
Plothow, Flotow, Burto, Ganz.

Meyer, Geyer, Meyerbeer,  
Heyer, Weyer, Beyer, Beer,  
Lichner, Lachner, Schachner, Dietz,  
Hill, Will, Brüll, Grill, Drill, Reiss, Rietz.

Hansen, Jansen, Jensen, Kiehl,  
Siade, Gade, Laade, Stiehl,  
Naumann, Riemann, Diener, Wurst,  
Niemann, Kiemann, Diener, Furst.

Kochler, Dochler, Rubinstein,  
Himmel, Hummel, Rosenhain,  
Lauer, Bauer, Kleinecke,  
Homberg, Plomberg, Reinecke.

*E. Lemke.*

'TIS EVER THUS

**A**D astra, De Profundis,  
Keats, Bacchus, Sophocles;  
Ars Longa, Euthanasia,  
Spring, The Eumenides.

Dead Leaves, Metempsychosis,  
Waiting, Theocritus;  
Vanitas Vanitatum,  
My Ship, De Gustibus.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus,  
Sleep, Palingenesis;  
Salvini, Sursum Corda,  
At Mt. Desert, To Miss —.

These are part of the contents  
Of "Violets of Song,"  
The first poetic volume  
Of Susan Mary Strong.

*R. K. Munkittrick.*

## INDIAN TRIBES

THE Sioux and the Algonquins, where are  
these?

Where, too, are now the Hurons and  
Pawnees,

The Chickasaws, Oneidas, and Shawnees,  
The Winnebagos, and the Muscogees,  
The Saukies, the Comanches, and Uchees,  
The Kansas, Seminoles, and Weetumkees,  
The Mohegans, Nihantics, and Natchees,  
The Pequots, Miamis, and Yamasees,  
The Tuscaroras and the Waterees,  
The Narragansetts, and Menomonees,  
The Choctaws, Delawares, and Cherokees,  
The Eries, Yamacraws, and Mosokees,  
The Mohawks, and the Chickahominies,  
The Kickapoos, and tall Walhominyes,  
The Androscoggins, and the Omahas,  
The Alibams, and Mitchigamuas,  
The Tangeboas, and the Pammahas,  
The Apalachias, and the Ostonoos,  
The Sacs and Foxes and the Onodoos,  
The Pottawattomies and Ioways,  
The Creeks, Catawbas, and Ojibbeways,  
The Senecas, Peorias, and Crows—  
Who sank beneath the burden of their woes?  
How few remain of all those valiant hosts  
That peopled once the prairies and the coasts?

*Anonymous*

## SIGNS OF RAIN

(*Forty reasons for not accepting an invitation of a friend to make an excursion with him.*)

1. THE hollow winds begin to blow;
2. The clouds look black, the glass is low,
3. The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed,
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
8. For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
10. Closed is the pink-hued pimpernel.
11. Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
12. Old Betty's nerves are on the rack;
13. Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
14. The distant hills are seeming nigh,
15. How restless are the snorting swine!
16. The busy flies disturb the kine,
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
19. Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
21. Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
22. And nimble catch the incautious flies.
23. The glow-worms, numerous and light,
24. Illumed the dewy dell last night;
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green;

## *Catalogue Whimseys*

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27. The whirling dust the wind obeys,
28. And in the rapid eddy plays;
29. The frog has changed his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is dressed.
31. Though June the air is cold and still,
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
33. My dog, so altered in his taste,
34. Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;
35. And see yon rooks, how odd their flight!
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall,
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. 'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

*Edward Jenner.*

## SIMILES

**A**s wet as a fish—as dry as a bone;  
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;  
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat;  
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;  
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole;  
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;  
As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear;  
As light as a drum—as free as the air;  
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather;  
As steady as time—uncertain as weather;  
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog;  
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;  
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind;  
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;

As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig;  
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;  
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove;  
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;  
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post;  
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;  
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball;  
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;  
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks;  
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;  
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow;  
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;  
As brittle as glass—as tough as gristle;  
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;  
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch;  
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch;  
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass;  
As full as a tick—as solid as brass.

*Anonymous.*

### A NURSERY RHYME

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters;  
Two teetotums totally tired trying to trot  
to Tadbury;  
Three tall tigers tippling tenpenny tea;  
Four fat friars fanning fainting flies;  
Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for flies;  
Six sportsmen shooting snipes;  
Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps;  
Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe;

Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils;  
Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-boxes with  
ten tenpenny tacks;  
Eleven elephants elegantly equipt;  
Twelve typographical typographers typically translating types.

*Anonymous.*

### LONDON BELLS

**G**AY go up and gay go down,  
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets,  
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,  
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Halfpence and farthings,  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,  
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Old Father Baldpate,  
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,  
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

Poker and tongs,  
Say the bells at St. John's.

Kettles and pans,  
Say the bells at St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,  
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?  
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,  
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,  
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.  
*Anonymous.*

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISH-MONGERS' HALL

I S that dace or perch?"  
Said Alderman Birch;  
"I take it for herring,"  
Said Alderman Perring.  
"This jack's very good,"  
Said Alderman Wood;  
"But its bones might a man slay,"  
Said Alderman Ansley.  
"I'll butter what I get,"  
Said Alderman Heygate.  
"Give me some stewed carp,"  
Said Alderman Thorp.  
"The roe's dry as pith,"  
Said Alderman Smith.  
"Don't cut so far down,"  
Said Alderman Brown;  
"But nearer the fin,"  
Said Alderman Glyn,  
"I've finished, i' faith, man,"  
Said Alderman Waithman:  
"And I, too, i' fatkins,"  
Said Alderman Atkins.  
"They've crimped this cod drolly,"  
Said Alderman Scholey;  
"'Tis bruised at the ridges,"  
Said Alderman Brydges.  
"Was it caught in a drag? Nay,"  
Said Alderman Magnay.

“‘Twas brought by two men,”  
Said Alderman Ven—  
ables: “Yes, in a box,”  
Said Alderman Cox.  
“They care not how fur ‘tis,”  
Said Alderman Curtis—  
“From the air kept, and from sun,”  
Said Alderman Thompson;  
“Packed neatly in straw,”  
Said Alderman Shaw:  
“In ice got from Gunter,”  
Said Alderman Hunter.  
“This ketchup is sour,”  
Said Alderman Flower;  
“Then steep it in claret,”  
Said Alderman Garret.

*Anonymous.*

## EARTH

WHAT is earth, Sexton?—A place to dig  
graves.  
What is earth, Rich man?—A place to  
work slaves.  
What is earth, Greybeard?—A place to grow old.  
What is earth, Miser?—A place to dig gold.  
What is earth, Schoolboy?—A place for my play.  
What is earth, Maiden?—A place to be gay.  
What is earth, Seamstress?—A place where I  
weep.  
What is earth, Sluggard?—A good place to sleep.

What is earth, Soldier?—A place for a battle.  
What is earth, Herdsman?—A place to raise cattle.  
What is earth, Widow?—A place of true sorrow.  
What is earth, Tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow.  
What is earth, Sick man?—"Tis nothing to me.  
What is earth, Sailor?—My home is the sea.  
What is earth, Statesman?—A place to win fame.  
What is earth, Author?—I'll write there my name.  
What is earth, Monarch?—For my realm it is given.  
What is earth, Christian?—The gateway of heaven.

*Anonymous.*

### THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE

**H**OW uneasy is his life,  
Who is troubled with a wife!  
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,  
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,  
Be she ne'er so young and toward,  
Be she ne'er so old and foward,  
Be she kind, with arms enfolding,  
Be she cross, and always scolding,  
Be she blithe or melancholy,  
Have she wit, or have she folly,  
Be she wary, be she squandering,  
Be she staid, or be she wandering,  
Be she constant, be she fickle,  
Be she fire, or be she ickle;

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Be she pious or ungodly,  
Be she chaste, or what sounds oddly:  
Lastly, be she good or evil,  
Be she saint, or be she devil,—  
Yet, uneasy is his life  
Who is married to a wife.

*Charles Cotton.*

### A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR SHREWS

WHO marrieth a wife upon a Monday,  
If she will not be good upon a Tuesday,  
Let him go to the wood upon a Wednesday,  
And cut him a cudgel upon the Thursday,  
And pay her soundly upon a Friday:  
And she mend not, the devil take her a' Saturday:  
Then he may eat his meat in peace on the Sunday.

*Anonymous.*

### ONE WEEK

THE year had gloomily begun  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun  
And he had very little MON.

"This cash," said he, "won't pay my dues,  
I've nothing here but ones and TUES."

*Catalogue Whimseys*

---

A bright thought struck him, and he said,  
"The rich Miss Goldrocks I will WED."

But when he paid his court to her,  
She lisped, but firmly said, "No, THUR!"

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die!"  
His soul went where they say souls FRI.

They found his gloves, and coat, and hat;  
The Coroner upon them SAT.  
*Carolyn Wells.*

## TONGUE TWISTERS

---

### THE TWINER

WHEN a twiner a twisting will twist him a twist,

For the twining his twist he three twines doth entwist;

But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,  
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,  
He twists with his twister the two in a twine;  
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,  
He twisteth the twines he had twisted in vain.

The twain that, in twisting before in the twine,  
As twines were entwisted, he now doth untwine,  
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between  
He, twisting his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

*Dr. Wallis.*

### UN CORDIER

QUAND un cordier cordant  
Veut corder une corde,  
Trois cordons accordant  
A sa corde il accorde.

## *Tongue Twisters*

---

Si l'un des trois cordons  
De la corde décorde,  
Le cordon décordant  
Fait décorder la corde.

*Allain Chartier.*

### THE THATCHER

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching;  
Did a Thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?  
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,  
Where's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

*Anonymous.*

### PETER PIPER

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers.  
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,  
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

*Anonymous.*

### SIMPLE ENGLISH

OFTTIMES when I put on my gloves,  
I wonder if I'm sane,  
For when I put the right one on,  
The right seems to remain  
To be put on—that is, 'tis left;  
Yet if the left I don,  
The other one is left, and then  
I have the right one on.  
But still I have the left on right;  
The right one, though, is left  
To go right on the left right hand  
All right, if I am deft.

*Ray Clarke Rose.*

### WHAT HIAWATHA PROBABLY DID

HE slew the noble Mudjekeewis,  
With his skin he made him mittens;  
Made them with the fur side inside;  
Made them with the skin-side outside;  
He, to keep the warm side inside,  
Put the cold side, skin-side outside;  
He, to keep the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side, fur-side, inside:—  
That's why he put the cold side outside,  
Why he put the warm side inside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.

*Anonymous.*

## MONORHYMES

---

### UNDER THE TREES

UNDER the trees!" Who but agrees  
That there is magic in words such as these?  
Promptly one sees shake in the breeze  
Stately lime-avenues haunted of bees:  
Where, looking far over buttercupp'd leas,  
Lads and "fair shes" (that is Byron, and he's  
An authority) lie very much at their ease;  
Taking their teas, or their duck and green peas,  
Or, if they prefer it, their plain bread and cheese:  
Not objecting at all, though it's rather a squeeze,  
And the glass is, I daresay, at 80 degrees.  
Some get up glees, and are mad about Ries  
And Sainton, and Tamberlik's thrilling high Cs;  
Or if painters, hold forth upon Hunt and Maclise,  
And the tone and the breadth of that landscape of  
Lee's;  
Or, if learned, on nodes and the moon's apogees,  
Or, if serious, on something of A.K.H.B.'s,  
Or the latest attempt to convert the Chaldees;  
Or in short about all things, from earthquakes to  
fleas.  
Some sit in twos or (less frequently) threes,  
With their innocent lambswool or book on their  
knees,

And talk, and enact, any nonsense you please,  
As they gaze into eyes that are blue as the seas;  
And you hear an occasional "Harry, don't tease"  
From the sweetest of lips in the softest of keys,  
And other remarks, which to me are Chinese.  
And fast the time flees; till a ladylike sneeze,  
Or a portly papa's more elaborate wheeze,  
Makes Miss Tabitha seize on her brown muffatees,  
And announce as a fact that it's going to freeze,  
And that young people ought to attend to their Ps  
And their Qs, and not court every form of disease.  
Then Tommy eats up the three last ratafias,  
And pretty Louise wraps her *robe de cerise*  
Round a bosom as tender as Widow Machree's,  
And (in spite of the pleas of her lorn *vis-a-vis*)  
Goes to wrap up her uncle—a patient of Skey's,  
Who is prone to catch chills, like all old Bengalese:—  
But at bedtime I trust he'll remember to grease  
The bridge of his nose, and preserve his rupees  
From the premature clutch of his fond legatees;  
Or at least have no fees to pay any M.D.s  
For the cold his niece caught, sitting under the Trees.

*C. S. Calverley.*

### THE RULING POWER

**G**OLD! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;  
Heavy to get, and light to hold;  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,

## *Monorhymes*

---

Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;  
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,  
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;  
Price of many a crime untold;  
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!  
Good or bad, a thousandfold!

*Thomas Hood.*

### THE MUSICAL ASS

THE fable which I now present,  
Occurred to me by accident:  
And whether bad or excellent,  
Is merely so by accident.

A stupid ass this morning went  
Into a field by accident:  
And cropped his food, and was content,  
Until he spied by accident  
A flute, which some oblivious gent  
Had left behind by accident;  
When, sniffling it with eager scent,  
He breathed on it by accident,  
And made the hollow instrument  
Emit a sound by accident.  
“Hurrah, hurrah!” exclaimed the brute,  
“How cleverly I play the flute!”

A fool, in spite of nature’s bent,  
May shine for once,—by accident.

*Tomaso de Yriarte.*

### THE ROMAN NOSE

THAT Roman nose! that Roman nose!  
Has robbed my bosom of repose;  
For when in sleep my eyelids close,  
It haunts me still, that Roman nose!

Between two eyes as black as sloes  
The bright and flaming ruby glows:  
That Roman nose! that Roman nose!  
And beats the blush of damask rose.

I walk the streets, the alleys, rows;  
I look at all the Jems and Joes;  
And old and young, and friends and foes,  
But cannot find a Roman nose!

Then blessed be the day I chose  
That nasal beauty of my beau's;  
And when at last to Heaven I goes,  
I hope to spy his Roman nose!

*Merrie England*

### TO MRS. THRALE ON HER THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY

OFT in danger, yet alive,  
We are come to thirty-five;  
Long may better years arrive,  
Better years than thirty-five.

Could philosophers contrive  
Life to stop at thirty-five,  
Time his hours should never drive  
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.  
High to soar, and deep to dive,  
Nature gives at thirty-five.  
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,  
Trifle not at thirty-five;  
For, howe'er we boast and strive,  
Life declines from thirty-five.  
He that ever hopes to thrive  
Must begin by thirty-five;  
And all who wisely wish to wive  
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

*Boswell.*

### A RHYME FOR TIPPERARY

**A** POET there was in sad quandary,  
To find a rhyme for Tipperary.  
Long laboured he through January,  
Yet found no rhyme for Tipperary;  
Toiled every day in February,  
But toiled in vain for Tipperary;  
Searched Hebrew text and commentary  
But searched in vain for Tipperary;  
Bored all his friends in Inverary,  
To find a rhyme for Tipperary;  
Implored the aid of "Paddy Cary,"  
Yet still no rhyme for Tipperary;  
He next besought his mother Mary  
To tell him rhyme for Tipperary;

But she, good woman, was no fairy,  
Nor witch,—though born in Tipperary;  
Knew everything about her dairy,  
But not the rhyme for Tipperary;  
The stubborn Muse he could not vary,  
For still the lines would run contrary  
Whene'er he thought on Tipperary.  
And though of time he was not chary,  
'Twas thrown away on Tipperary.  
Till of his wild-goose chase most weary,  
He vowed he'd leave out Tipperary.  
But no—the theme he might not vary,  
His longing was not temporary,  
To find meet rhyme for Tipperary.  
He sought among the gay and airy,  
He pestered all the military.  
Committed many a strange vagary,  
Bewitched, it seemed, by Tipperary.  
He wrote, post-haste, to Darby Leary,  
Besought with tears his Aunty Sairie;  
But sought he far, or sought he near, he  
Ne'er found a rhyme for Tipperary.  
He travelled sad through Cork and Kerry,  
He drove like mad through sweet Dunleary,  
Kicked up a precious tantar-ara,  
But found no rhyme for Tipperary;  
Lived fourteen weeks at Stan-ar-ara,  
Was well-nigh lost in Glenegary,  
Then started slick for Denerara,  
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.  
Through Yankee-land, sick, solitary.  
He roamed by forest, lake, and prairie,

## *Monorhymes*

---

He went *per terram et per mare*,  
But found no rhyme for Tipperary.  
Through orient climes on Dromedary,  
On camel's back through great Sahara;  
His travels were extraordinary  
In search of rhyme for Tipperary.  
Fierce as a gorgon on chimæra,  
Fierce as Alecto or Megaera,  
Fiercer than e'er a love-sick bear, he  
Ranged through the "londe" of Tipperary.  
His cheeks grew thin and wondrous hairy,  
His visage long, his aspect "eerie,"  
His *tout ensemble*, faith, would scare ye,  
Amidst the wilds of Tipperary.  
Becoming hypochon-dri-ary,  
He sent for his apothecary,  
Who ordered "balm" and "saponary,"  
Herbs rare to find in Tipperary.  
In his potations ever wary,  
His choicest drink was "home gooseberry."  
On swipes, skim-milk, and smallest beer, he  
Hunted rhyme for his Tipperary.  
Had he imbibed good old Madeira,  
Drank pottle-deep of golden sherry  
Of Falstaff's sack, or ripe Canary,  
No rhyme had lacked for Tipperary;  
Or had his tastes been literary,  
He might have found extemporary  
Without the aid of dictionary,  
Some fitting rhyme for Tipperary.  
Or had he seen an antiquary,  
Burnt midnight oil in his library,

Or been of temper less "camstary,"  
Rhymes had not lacked for Tipperary.  
He paced about his aviary,  
Blew up, sky-high, his secretary,  
And then in wrath and anger sware he,  
There was no rhyme for Tipperary.

*Dr. Fitzgerald.*

### THE DONERAILE LITANY

**A** LAS! how dismal is my tale!—  
I lost my watch in Doneraile;  
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,  
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.

May fire and brimstone never fail  
To fall in showers on Doneraile;  
May all the leading fiends assail  
The thieving town of Doneraile.

As lightnings flash across the vale,  
So down to hell with Doneraile;  
The fate of Pompey at Pharsale,  
Be that the curse of Doneraile.

May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,  
Be never found in Doneraile;  
But garlic-soup and scurvy kail  
Be still the food for Doneraile.

## *Monorhymes*

---

And forward as the creeping snail  
The industry be of Doneraile;  
May Heaven a chosen curse entail  
On rigid, rotten Doneraile.

May sun and moon for ever fail  
To beam their lights in Doneraile;  
May every pestilential gale  
Blast that curst spot called Doneraile.

May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,  
Be ever heard in Doneraile;  
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,  
Despise and harass Doneraile.

May every Post, Gazette, and Mail,  
Sad tidings bring of Doneraile;  
May loudest thunders ring a peal  
To blind and deafen Doneraile.

May vengeance fall at head and tail,  
From north to south, at Doneraile;  
May profit light, and tardy sale,  
Still damp the trade of Doneraile.

May Fame resound a dismal tale,  
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile;  
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail,  
To thin the knaves of Doneraile.

May frost and snow, and sleet and hail,  
Benumb each joint in Doneraile;

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail  
The cursed crew of Doneraile.

May Oscar, with his fiery flail,  
To atoms thresh all Doneraile;  
May every mischief, fresh and stale,  
Abide henceforth in Doneraile.

May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,  
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile;  
May neither flour nor oatenmeal  
Be found or known in Doneraile.

May want and woe each joy curtail  
That e'er was known in Doneraile;  
May no one coffin want a nail  
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.

May all the thieves that rob and steal  
The gallows meet in Doneraile;  
May all the sons of Granawdeal  
Blush at the thieves of Doneraile.

May mischief, big as Norway whale,  
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile;  
May curses, wholesale and retail,  
Pour with full force on Doneraile.

May every transport wont to sail,  
A convict bring from Doneraile;  
May every churn and milking-pail  
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

May cold and hunger still congeal  
The stagnant blood of Doneraile;  
May every hour new woes reveal  
That hell reserves for Doneraile.

May every chosen ill prevail  
O'er all the imps of Doneraile;  
May no one wish or prayer avail  
To soothe the woes of Doneraile.

May the Inquisition straight impale  
The rapparees of Doneraile;  
May Charon's boat triumphant sail,  
Completely manned, from Doneraile.

Oh, may my couplets never fail  
To find a curse for Doneraile;  
And may grim Pluto's inner jail  
For ever groan with Doneraile.

*Patrick O'Kelly.*

### MY MANX MINX

A LL the Bard's rhymes, and all his inks,  
Will scarce pourtray the Proteus—MINX:

Nor artist brush with brightest tincts  
Of Fancy's rainbow picture MINX.

The child of Man and beast: a sphinx  
Of noble rearing: that is MINX.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

With paw of leopard, eye of lynx,  
And spring of tiger, such is MINX.

She's playful, harmless: Mousie thinks:  
But dreadful earnest's artful MINX.

Seems nonchalante, and bobs, and blinks:  
Ma foi, toute autre chose is MINX.

Formitat Homer oft: her winks  
Are rare: no "nid-nid-niddin"—MINX.

Aye "takkin notes" of holes and chinks:  
A sleet and pawky body's MINX.

An Abbess of Misrule: she slinks  
From no malfeasance: wilful MINX.

(Law:)—Ne quid nim, of neighbour's trinkts:  
She's always nimming: roguish MINX.

With reels of silk, thread, wool, plays rinks:  
Tossing and tangling: tricksy MINX.

Loves, frisks, curvets, and highest jinks:  
Frolic's own daughter, merry MINX.

As high-born dame in idlesse sinks,  
So idleth fa-niente MINX.

A pert, coquettish, flirting finks:  
Has fifty beaux at once: vain MINX.

## *Monorhymes*

---

Simplex munditiis, all sminks  
And smears of sluthood shun spruce MINX.

Soprani trill their tink-a-tinks:  
My prima-cat-atrice's MINX.

Horns blare, drums beat, and cymbal clinks:  
No mewsic equals mews of MINX.

His richest creams, nectareous drinks,  
Her master sets aside for MINX.

From human cares and snares he shrinks,  
To spend serener hours with MINX.

The Dean's rare taste in his precincts  
Pets wild ducks: I pet wilder MINX.

Of the Cat world the pink of pinks  
Is tailless, peerless, *schönste* MINX.

'*Es ðei* twinned, the Bard enlinks  
The names for ever: OTHO, MINX.

*Orlando Thomas Dobbin.*

## FIVE WINES

B RISK methinks I am, and fine  
When I drink my cap'ring wine;  
Then to love I do incline,  
When I drink my wanton wine;

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

And I wish all maidens mine,  
When I drink my sprightly wine;  
Well I sup and well I dine,  
When I drink my frolic wine;  
But I languish, lower, and pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

*Robert Herrick.*

### LINES ON ROSE \*

(Written by One Who Was Restricted as to  
Terminals)

#### I. ON HER DOMESTICITY

"A S pants the heart that is the roe's,"  
So sings sweet Rosalie a lied;  
Or in her pretty garden hoes,  
Or pipes soft music on a reed.

#### II. ON HER VANITY

She trips across the lawn, fair Rose,  
Eyes follow where her footsteps lead,  
And catch a glimpse of scarlet hose,  
(She knows that he who runs may read).

\* By permission of Harper & Brothers.

### III. ON HER ADAPTABILITY

To heaven's heights, the fierce flames rose,  
Stone, iron, melted, just like lead;  
Right hard they worked with pump and hose,  
All night by flames her book she read.

### IV. ON HER FEMININITY

She planted peas, but not in rows,  
Just where her errant fancy led;  
I laughed at her with loud "ho, ho's"  
Until she blushed a rosy red.

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

## INTERIOR RHMYES

---

### BOWLED

WHEN I, sir, play at cricket, sick it makes  
me feel;  
For I the wicket kick it backward with  
my heel.  
Then, oh! such rollers bowlers always give to me,  
And the rounders, grounders, too, rise and strike  
my knee;  
When I in anguish languish, try to force a smile,  
While laughing critics round me sound me on my  
style.

*Anonymous.*

### A NOCTURNAL SKETCH

EVEN is come; and from the dark Park, hark,  
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!  
And six is sounding from the chime, prime  
time  
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—  
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—  
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,

## *Interior Rhymes*

---

Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—  
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
Four horses as no other man can span;  
Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.  
Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things  
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
But frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,  
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"  
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads.  
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat!"  
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—  
But Nursemaid, in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,  
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's  
banns  
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:  
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows'  
woes!

*Thomas Hood.*

## THE DOUBLE KNOCK

(*Initial Rhymes*)

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin;  
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;  
"Summer's it is, I know him by his knock;  
Comers like him are welcome as the day!  
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door;  
Busy I am to any one but him.  
Know him you must—he has been often here;  
Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;  
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;  
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—  
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!  
Kemble will play—or Kean, who makes the soul  
Tremble in Richard or the frenzied Moor—  
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce—  
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—  
Kelly the natural, to witness whom  
Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—  
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles  
Super, in William Tell, now rightly told.  
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,  
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—  
Boccard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!  
No card,—thank Heaven—engages me to-night!  
Feathers, of course—no turban, and no toque—  
Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.

## *Interior Rhymes*

---

Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,  
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—  
Cupid—the new *ballet* I long to see—  
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glistened her eye as the impatient girl  
Listened, low bending o'er the topmost stair,  
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,  
Plainly she hears this question and reply:  
“Axes your pardon, sir, but what d'ye want?”  
“Taxes,” says he, “and shall not call again!”

*Thomas Hood.*

## THE FUTURE OF THE CLASSICS

**N**O longer, O scholars, shall Plautus  
Be taught us.  
No more shall professors be partial  
To Martial.  
No ninny  
Will stop playing “shinney”  
For Pliny.  
Not even the veriest Mexican Greaser  
Will stop to read Cæsar.  
No true son of Erin will leave his potato  
To list to the love-lore of Ovid or Plato.  
Old Homer,  
That hapless old roamer,  
Will ne'er find a rest 'neath collegiate dome or  
Anywhere else. As to Seneca,

Any cur

Safely may snub him, or urge ill  
Effects from the reading of Virgil.

Cornelius Nepos

Wont keep us

Much longer from pleasure's light errands—  
Nor Terence.

The irreverent now may all scoff in ease  
At the shade of poor old Aristophanes.

And moderns it now doth behoove in all  
Ways to despise poor old Juvenal;

And to chivvy

Livy.

The class-room hereafter will miss a row  
Of eager young students of Cicero.

The 'longshoreman—yes, and the dock-rat, he's  
Down upon Socrates.

And what'll

Induce us to read Aristotle?

We shall fail in

Our duty to Galen.

No tutor henceforward shall rack us  
To construe old Horatius Flaccus.

We have but a wretched opinion  
Of Mr. Justinian.

In our classical pabulum mix we've no wee sop  
Of Æsop.

Our balance of intellect asks for no ballast  
From Sallust.

With feminine scorn no fair Vassar-bred lass at  
us

Shall smile if we own that we cannot read Tacitus,

## *Interior Rhymes*

---

No admirer shall ever now wreath with begonias  
The bust of Suetonius.  
And so, if you follow me,  
We'll have to cut Ptolemy.  
Besides, it would just be considered facetious  
To look at Lucretius.  
And you can  
Not go in Society if you read Lucan,  
And we cannot have any fun  
Out of Xenophon.

*Anonymous.*

## JOCOSA LYRA

**I**N our hearts is the Great One of Avon  
Engraven,  
And we climb the cold summits once built on  
By Milton.

But at times not the air that is rarest  
Is fairest,  
And we long in the valley to follow  
Apollo.

Then we drop from the heights atmospheric  
To Herrick,  
Or we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,  
Of Landor;

Or our cosiest nook in the shade is  
Where Praed is,

Or we toss the light bells of the mocker  
With Locker.

Oh, the song where not one of the Graces  
    Tight-laces,—  
Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly,  
    But archly,—

Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying,  
    Comes playing,—  
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer  
    In answer,—

It will last till men weary of pleasure  
    In measure!  
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .  
    And after!

*Austin Dobson.*

### A TRIP TO PARIS

WHEN a man travels he mustn't look queer  
    If he gets a few rubs that he doesn't get  
        here;

And if he to Paris from Calais will stray,  
I will tell him some things he will meet on his way.  
Dover heights—men like mites—skiffery, cliffery,  
    Shakespeare.

Can't touch prog—sick as a dog—packet 'em,  
racket 'em, makes pier.

## *Interior Rhymes*

---

Calais clerks—custom-house sharks—lurchery,  
searchery, feel! fee!

On the pavé—cabriolet—clattery, pattery, oui! oui!  
Abbéville—off goes a wheel—hammery, dammery,  
tut! tut!

Montreuil—look like a fool—latery, gatery, shut!  
shut!

Laughing, quaffing, snoozing, boozing, cantering,  
bantering, gad about, mad about—

When a man travels, etc.

Ding dong—postboy's thong—smackery, crack-  
ery, gar! gar!

Soups, ragouts—messes and stews—hashery, trash-  
ery, psha! psha!

Beggar's woes—donnes quelque chose—howlery,  
growlery, sou! sou!

Crawl like a calf—post and a half—sluggery, tug-  
gery, pooh! pooh!

Saint-Denis—custom-house fee—lacery, tracery,  
non, non!

Silver-tip—ginger on lip—feeing 'em, freeing 'em,  
bon, bon!

Laughing, quaffing, etc.

When a man travels, and gets by good luck

To Paris, he stares like a pig that is stuck;

And, if he's in want of a Guide de Paris,

He'd better be quiet and listen to me.

Montagne Russe—down like a sluice—whizzery,  
dizzery, see-saw!

Catacombs—ghosts and gnomes—bonery, groan-  
ery, fee faw!

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Mille Colonnes—queen on her throne—flattery,  
chattery, charmant!

Who's to pay?—Beauvilliers—suttle 'em, guttle  
'em, gourmand!

Saint-Cloud—fête of St.-Leu—bower 'em, shower  
'em, jet d'eau.

Bastille—water-work wheel—Elephant, elephant,  
wet oh!

Laughing, quaffing, etc.

Sol fa—Tanta-ra-ra! Shriekery, squeakery, strum,  
strum,

Louis d'or—couldn't get more—packery, backery,  
glum, glum!

Call for a bill—worse than a pill—largery, charg-  
ery, oh! oh!

Diligence—lessens expense—wagon 'em, drag-  
gin' 'em, slow, slow!

Quillacq—glad to get back—floodery, scuddery,  
sick, sick!

Now we steer—right for the pier—over 'em, Dover  
'em, quick, quick!

Laughing, quaffing, snoozing, boozing, cantering,  
bantering, gad about, mad about—

When a man travels he mustn't look queer  
If he gets a few rubs that he doesn't get here;  
And if he from Calais to Paris would stray,  
I've told him the things he will meet on his way.

*James Smith.*

A FERRY TALE \*

O COME and cross over to nowhere,  
And go where  
The nobodies live on their nothing a day!  
A tideful of tricks in this merry  
Old Ferry,  
And these are things that it does by the way:

It pours into parks and disperses  
The nurses;  
It goes into gardens and scatters the cats;  
It leaks into lodgings, disorders  
The borders,  
And washes away with their holiday hats.

It soaks into shops, and inspires  
The buyers  
To crawl over counters and climb upon chairs;  
It trickles on tailors, it spatters  
On hatters,  
And makes little milliners scamper up-stairs.

It goes out of town and it rambles  
Through brambles;  
It wallows in hollows and dives into dells;  
It flows into farmyards and sickens  
The chickens,  
And washes the wheelbarrows into the wells.

\* By permission of the Century Company.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

It turns into taverns and drenches  
    The benches;  
It jumps into pumps and comes out with a roar;  
It sounds like a postman at lodges—  
    Then dodges  
And runs up the lane when they open the door.

It leaks into laundries and wrangles  
    With mangles;  
It trips over turnips and tumbles down-hill;  
It rolls like a coach along highways  
    And byways,  
But never gets anywhere, go as it will!

Oh, foolish old Ferry! all muddles  
    And puddles—  
Go fribble and dribble along on your way;  
We drink to your health with molasses  
    In glasses,  
And waft you farewell with a handful of hay!  
*Charles E. Carryl.*

### SONG FOR A CRACKED VOICE

WHEN I was young and slender, a spender,  
    a lender,  
What gentleman adventurer was prankier  
    than I,  
Who lustier at passes with glasses—and lasses,  
How pleasant was the look of 'em as I came  
    jaunting by!

## *Interior Rhymes*

---

(But now there's none to sigh at me as I come  
creaking by.)

Then Pegasus went loping 'twixt hoping and toping,  
A song in every dicky-bird, a scent in every rose;  
What moons for lovelorn glances, romances, and  
dances,  
And how the spirit of the waltz went thrilling to  
my toes!  
(Egad, it's now a gouty pang goes thrilling to my  
toes!)

Was I that lover frantic, romantic, and antic  
Who found the lute in Molly's voice, the heaven in  
her eyes,  
Who, madder than a hatter, talked patter? No  
matter.  
Call not that little, youthful ghost, but leave it  
where it lies!  
(Dear, dear, how many winter snows have drifted  
where she lies!)

But now I'm old and humble, why mumble and  
grumble  
At all the posy-linked rout that hurries laughing  
by?  
Framed in my gold-rimmed glasses each lass is who  
passes,  
And Youth is still a-twinkling in the corner of  
my eye.  
(How strange you cannot see it in the corner of  
my eye!)

*Wallace Irwin.*

## BLANK VERSE IN PROSE \*

---

### DEATH OF LITTLE NELL

AND now the bell—the bell  
She had so often heard by night and day  
And listened to with solemn pleasure,  
E'en as a living voice—  
Rang its remorseless toll for her,  
So young, so beautiful, so good.

Decrepit age, and vigorous life,  
And blooming youth, and helpless infancy,  
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength  
    And health, in the full blush  
Of promise—the mere dawn of life—  
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there  
    Whose eyes were dim  
    And senses failing—  
Granddames, who might have died ten years ago,  
And still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame,  
    The palsied,  
The living dead in many shapes and forms,  
To see the closing of this early grave!  
    What was the death it would shut in,  
    To that which still would crawl and creep above it!

\* These specimens of rhythmical prose are copied verbatim from the books in which they appear.

## *Blank Verse in Prose*

---

Along the crowded path they bore her now;  
    Pure as the new fallen snow  
That covered it; whose day on earth  
    Had been as fleeting.  
Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven  
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,  
    She passed again, and the old church  
Received her in its quiet shade.

Oh! it is hard to take  
The lesson that such deaths will teach,  
    But let no man reject it,  
For it is one that all must learn  
    And is a mighty universal Truth.  
When Death strikes down the innocent and young,  
From every fragile form from which he lets  
    The panting spirit free,  
A hundred virtues rise,  
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,  
    To walk the world and bless it.  
    Of every tear  
That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,  
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes.  
                *Charles Dickens*  
                (*in "Old Curiosity Shop"*).

SONG OF THE KETTLE

IT'S a dark night, sang the kettle, and the  
rotten leaves are lying by the way;  
And above, all is mist and darkness, and  
below, all is mire and clay;  
And there is only one relief in all the sad and murky  
air,  
And I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but  
a glare  
Of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and  
wind together  
Set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of  
such weather;  
And the widest open country is a long dull streak  
of black;  
And there's hoarfrost on the finger-post, and thaw  
upon the track;  
And the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free;  
And you couldn't say that anything was what it  
ought to be;  
But he's coming, coming, coming!—

*Charles Dickens*

(in "*The Cricket on the Hearth*").

## FIXED FORMS

---

### VILLANELLE

IT'S all a trick, quite easy when you know it  
As easy as reciting A, B, C.  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit and want to show it,  
Writing a Villanelle—take this from me—  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of "rimes" and then you "go it,"  
With rapid running pen and fancy free,  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,  
Above or near it, as it liketh thee;  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it,  
Up to the standard size it ought to be;  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clear it of weeds, and water it, and hoe it,  
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee,  
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.  
You need not be an atom of a poet.

*Walter W. Sleat.*

### THE RONDEAU

YOU bid me try, Blue-eyes, to write  
A Rondeau. What! forthwith?—to-night?  
Reflect? Some skill I have, 'tis true;  
But thirteen lines!—and rhymed on two!—  
“Refrain,” as well. Ah, hapless plight!  
Still there are five lines—ranged aright.  
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright  
My easy Muse. They did, till you—  
You bid me try!

That makes them eight.—The port's in sight;  
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!  
Now just a pair to end in “oo,”—  
When maids command, what can't we do?  
Behold! The Rondeau—tasteful, light—  
You bid me try!

*Austin Dobson.*

### THE ROUNDDEL

A ROUNDDEL is wrought as a ring or a star-bright sphere.  
With craft of delight and with cunning of sound unsought,  
That the heart of the hearer may smile if to pleasure his ear  
A roundel is wrought.

## *Fixed Forms*

---

Its jewel of music is carven of all or of aught—  
Love, laughter, or mourning—remembrance of rapture or fear—

That fancy may fashion to hang in the ear of thought.

As a bird's quick song runs round, and the hearts in us hear

Pause answer to pause, and again the same strain caught,

So moves the device whence, round as a pearl or tear,

A roundel is wrought.

*A. C. Swinburne.*

## VILLANELLE OF THINGS AMUSING

THESE are the things that make me laugh—  
Life's a preposterous farce, say I!  
And I've missed of too many jokes by half.

The high-heeled antics of colt and calf,  
The men who think they can act, and try—  
These are the things that make me laugh.

The hard-boiled poses in photograph,  
The groom still wearing his wedding tie—  
And I've missed of too many jokes by half!

These are the bubbles I gayly quaff  
With the rank conceit of the new-born fly—  
These are the things that make me laugh!

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

For, Heaven help me! I needs must chaff,  
And people will tickle me till I die—  
And I've missed of too many jokes, by half!

So write me down in my epitaph  
As one too fond of his health to cry—  
These are the things that make me laugh,  
And I've missed of too many jokes by half!  
*Gelett Burgess.*

### TEMA CON VARIAZIONI \*

*I* NEVER loved a dear gazelle—  
Nor anything that cost me much:  
High prices profit those who sell,  
But why should I be fond of such?

*To glad me with his soft black eye*  
My son comes trotting home from school:  
He's had a fight, but can't tell why—  
He always was a little fool!

*But, when he came to know me well,*  
He kicked me out, her testy Sire;  
And when I stained my hair, that Belle  
Might note the change, and thus admire

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

## *Fixed Forms*

---

*And love me, it was sure to dye  
A muddy green or staring blue:  
While one might trace, with half an eye,  
The still-triumphant carrot through.*

*Lewis Carroll.*

### THE TRIOLET

**E**ASY is the triolet,  
If you really learn to make it!  
Once a neat refrain you get,  
Easy is the triolet.  
As you see!—I pay my debt  
With another rhyme. Deuce take it,  
Easy is the triolet,  
If you really learn to make it!

*W. E. Henley.*

### TRIOLET

**I** LOVE you, my lord!”  
Was all that she said—  
What a dissonant chord,  
“I love you, my lord!”  
Ah! how I abhorred  
That sarcastic maid!—  
“I love you? My Lord!”  
Was all that she said.

*Paul T. Gilbert.*

## A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

(*Triolet*)

**A** PITCHER of mignonette,  
In a tenement's highest casement:  
Queer sort of flower-pot—yet  
That pitcher of mignonette  
Is a garden in heaven set,  
To the little sick child in the basement—  
The pitcher of mignonette,  
In the tenement's highest casement.

*H. C. Bunner*

## THE TRIOLET

**I** INTENDED an Ode,  
And it turned into Triolets.  
It began à la mode:  
I intended an Ode,  
But Rose crossed the road  
With a bunch of fresh violets.  
I intended an Ode,  
And it turned into Triolets.

I intended an Ode,  
And it turned out a Sonnet,  
It began à la mode,  
I intended an Ode;

## *Fixed Forms*

---

But Rose crossed the road  
In her latest new bonnet.  
I intended an Ode,  
And it turned out a Sonnet.

*Austin Dobson.*

### BALLADE

I OFTEN does a quiet read  
At Booty Shelly's poetry;  
I think that Swinburne at a screed  
Is really almost too-too fly;  
At Signor Vagna's harmony  
I likes a merry little flutter;  
I've had at Pater many a shy;  
In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

My mark's a tiny little feed,  
And Enery Irving's gallery,  
To see old 'Amlick do a bleed,  
And Ellen Terry on the die,  
Or Franky's ghostes at hi-spy,  
And parties carried on a shutter.  
Them vulgar Coupeaus is my eye!  
In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

The Grosvenor's nuts—it is, indeed!  
I goes for 'Olman 'Unt like pie.  
It's equal to a friendly lead  
To see B. Jones's judes go by.

Stanhope he makes me fit to cry,  
Whistler he makes me melt like butter,  
Strudwick he makes me flash my cly,  
In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter.

Envoy.

I'm on for any Art that's 'Igh;  
I talks as quite as I can splutter;  
I keeps a Dado on the sly;  
In fact my form's the Bloomin' Utter!

*W. E. Henley.*

VILLANELLE

NOW ain't they utterly too-too  
(She ses, my Missus mine, ses she)  
Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Joe, just you kool 'em—nice and skew  
Upon our old meogginee,  
Now ain't they utterly too-too?

They're better than a pot'n' a screw,  
They're equal to a Sunday spree,  
Them flymy little bits of Blue!

Suppose I put 'em up the flue,  
And booze the profits, Joe? Not me.  
Now ain't they utterly too-too?

I do the 'Igh Art fake, I do.

Joe, I'm consummate; and I *see*  
Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Which, Joe, is why I ses to you—  
Æsthetic-like, and limp, and free—  
Now *ain't* they utterly too-too,  
Them flymy little bits of Blue?

*W. E. Henley.*

### A RONDELAY

**M**AN is for woman made,  
And woman made for man:  
As the spur is for the jade,  
As the scabbard for the blade,  
As for liquor is the can,  
So man's for woman made,  
And woman made for man.  
  
As the sceptre to be sway'd,  
As to night the serenade,  
As for pudding is the pan,  
As to cool us is the fan,  
So man's for woman made,  
And woman made for man.  
  
Be she widow, wife, or maid,  
Be she wanton, be she staid,  
Be she well or ill array'd,  
So man's for woman made,  
And woman made for man.

*Peter A. Motteux.*

### SONNET TO ORDER

**A** SONNET would you have? Know you, my pet,  
For sonnets fourteen lines are necessary.  
Ah, necessary rhymes, by luck to fairy—  
I'll call you one, and the first quatrain get.  
This meets half-way the second; half-way met.  
One meets an obstacle in a manner airy.  
But here, though it is not your name, as Mary  
I'll set you down, settling the second set.

Now, you'll admit, a sonnet without love,  
Without the savour of a woman in't,  
Were profanation of poetic art.  
Love, above all things! So 'tis writ above.  
Nor there alone. Your sonneteer, I'd hint,  
Gives you this sonnet here with all his heart.  
*Henry Cuyler Bunner.*

### SONNET ON THE SONNET

**T**O write a sonnet doth my Julia press me;  
I've never found me in such stress or pain;  
A sonnet numbers fourteen lines, 'tis plain,  
And three are gone ere I can say, God bless me!

I thought that spinning lines would sore oppress me,  
Yet here I'm midway in the last quatrain:  
And if the foremost tercet I begin,  
The quatrains need not any more distress me.

To the first tercet I have got at last,  
And travel through it with such right good will,  
That with this line I've finished it, I ween:

I'm in the second now, and see how fast

The thirteenth line comes tripping from my quill:  
Hurrah! 'tis done! Count if there be fourteen.

*James Y. Gibson.*

### SONNET TO A CLAM

(*Dum tacent claimant*)

I NGLORIOUS friend! most confident I am

Thy life is one of very little ease;

Albeit men mock thee with their similes  
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"

What though thy shell protects thy fragile head

From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?

Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,  
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,  
And bear thee off—as foemen take their spoil—

Far from thy friends and family to roam;

Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,  
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!

Though thou art tender yet thy humble bard  
Declares, O clam! thy case is shocking hard!

*John G. Saxe.*

### RONDEAU

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time, you thief, who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in;  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me!

*Leigh Hunt.*

### REMEMBER

REMEMBER it, although you're far away—  
Too far away more fivers yet to land,  
When you no more can proffer notes of  
hand,  
Nor I half yearn to change my yea to nay.  
Remember, when no more in airy way,  
You tell me of repayment sagely planned:  
Only remember it, you understand!  
It's rather late to counsel you to pay;  
Yet if you should remember for a while,  
And then forget it wholly, I should grieve;  
For, though your light procrastinations leave  
Small remnants of the hope that once I had,  
Than that you should forget your debt and smile,  
I'd rather you'd remember and be sad.

*Judy.*

THE WAIL OF THE "PERSONALLY  
CONDUCTED"

(*Chorus heard on the deck of a Saguenay steamboat*)

SAPPHICS

INTEGRAL were we, in our old existence;  
Separate beings, individually:  
Now are our entities blended, fused, and foun-  
dered—  
We are one person.

We are not mortals, we are not celestials,  
We are not birds, the upper ether cleaving,  
We are a retrogression toward the monad:  
We are Cook's Tourists.

All ways we follow him who holds the guide-book  
All things we look at, with bedazzled optics;  
Sad are our hearts, because the vulgar rabble  
Call us the Cookies.

Happy the man who, by his cheerful fireside,  
Says to the partner of his joys and sorrows:  
"Anna Maria, let us go to-morrow  
Out for an airing."

Him to Manhattan, or the Beach of Brighton,  
Gayly he hieth, or if, fate-accursèd,  
Lives he in Boston, still he may betake him  
Down to Nantasket.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Happy the mortal free and independent,  
Master of the mainspring of his own volition!  
Look on us with the eye of sweet compassion:  
We are Cook's Tourists.

*H. C. Bunner.*

## CHAIN VERSE

---

### OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF MIND

THE oft'ner seen, the more I lust,  
The more I lust, the more I smart,  
The more I smart, the more I trust,  
The more I trust, the heavier heart,  
The heavy heart breeds mine unrest,  
Thy absence therefore I like best.

The rarer seen, the less in mind,  
The less in mind, the lesser pain,  
The lesser pain, less grief I find,  
The lesser grief, the greater gain,  
The greater gain, the merrier I,  
Therefore I wish thy sight to fly.

The further off, the more I joy,  
The more I joy, the happier life,  
The happier life, less hurts annoy,  
The lesser hurts, pleasure most rife,  
Such pleasures rife shall I obtain  
When distance doth depart us twain.

*Barnaby Googe.*

### AD MORTEM

THE longer life, the more offence;  
The more offence, the greater pain;  
The greater pain the less defence;  
The less defence, the greater gain—  
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

The shorter life, less care I find,  
Less care I take, the sooner over;  
The sooner o'er, the merrier mind;  
The merrier mind, the better lover—  
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

Come, gentle death, the ebb of care;  
The ebb of care, the flood of life;  
The flood of life, I'm sooner there;  
I'm sooner there—the end of strife—  
The end of strife, that thing wish I—  
Wherefore, come death, and let me die!

*Anonymous.*

### NERVE THY SOUL

NERVE thy soul with doctrines noble,  
Noble in the walks of time,  
Time that leads to an eternal,  
An eternal life sublime:  
Life sublime in moral beauty,  
Beauty that shall ever be;

## *Chain Verse*

---

Ever be to lure thee onward,  
Onward to the fountain free:  
Free to every earnest seeker,  
Seeker for the fount of youth,  
Youth exultant in its beauty,  
Beauty of the living truth.

*Anonymous.*

## CENTONES OR MOSAIC WHIMSEYS

---

### LIFE \*

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
5. To be, is better far than not to be.
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common lot of all:
10. Unmingled joys here to no man befall,
11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care;
13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

\* 1. Young ; 2. Dr. Johnson ; 3. Pope ; 4. Prior ; 5. Sewell ;  
6. Spenser ; 7. Daniell ; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh ; 9. Longfellow ;  
10. Southwell ; 11. Congreve ; 12. Churchill ; 13. Rochester ; 14.  
Armstrong ; 15. Milton ; 16. Bailey ; 17. Trench ; 18. Somer-  
ville ; 19. Thomson ; 20. Byron ; 21. Smollett ; 22. Crabbe ; 23.  
Massinger ; 24. Cowley ; 25. Beattie ; 26. Cowper ; 27. Sir Wal-  
ter Davenant ; 28. Gray ; 29. Willis ; 30. Addison ; 31. Dryden ;  
32. Francis Quarles ; 33. Watkins ; 34. Herrick ; 35. William  
Mason ; 36. Hill ; 37. Dana ; 38. Shakespeare.

15. Live well; how long or short, permit to Heaven;
16. They who forgive us most, shall be most forgiven.
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has no place.
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear;
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, I renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave,
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What is ambition?—'tis a glorious cheat!—
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell;
34. That man lives twice who lives the first life well.
35. Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just;
38. For, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Anonymous.*

“Kind words are more than coronets,”  
She said, and wondering looked at me:  
“It is the dead unhappy night, and I must hurry  
home to tea.”

*Lewis Carroll.*

### WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT

**L**IVES there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself has said,  
“Shoot folly as it flies”?  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
Are in that word, farewell, farewell!  
’Tis folly to be wise.

And what is friendship but a name,  
That boils on Etna’s breast of flame?  
Thus runs the world away.  
Sweet is the ship that’s under sail  
To where yon taper cheers the vale,  
With hospitable ray!

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
Through cloudless climes and starry skies!  
My native land, good night!  
Adieu, adieu, my native shore;  
’Tis Greece, but living Greece no more—  
Whatever is, is right!

*Laman Blanchard.*

## JESUITICAL VERSES

---

### THE DOUBLE-FACED CREED

(*Read down or across*)

I hold for sound faith  
What Rome's faith saith  
Where the king's head  
The flock's misled  
Where the altar's dressed  
The people's blessed,  
He's but an ass  
Who shuns the mass

What England's church allows,  
My conscience disavows,  
The flock can take no shame  
Who hold the Pope supreme.  
The worship's scarce divine  
Whose table's bread and wine,  
Who their communion flies  
Is catholic and wise.

*Anonymous.*

### EQUIVOCAL VERSES

(*Read down or across*)

"I love with all my heart  
The Hanoverian part  
And for the Settlement  
My conscience gives consent  
Most righteous in the cause  
To fight for George's laws  
It is my mind and heart  
Though none will take my part

The Tory party here  
Most hateful do appear  
I ever have denied  
To be on James's side  
To fight for such a king  
Will England's ruin bring  
In this opinion I  
Resolve to live and die."

*Anonymous.*

THE PLATFORM

(*Read down or across*)

Hurrah for Secession	The old Union Is a curse
We fight for The Confederacy	The Constitution Is a league with hell
We love The rebellion	Free speech Is treason
We glory in Separation	A free press Will not be tolerated
We fight not for Reconstruction	The negro's freedom Must be obtained
We must succeed The Union	At every hazard We love
We love not We never said	The negro Let the Union slide
We want Foreign intervention	The Union as it was Is played out
We cherish The stars and bars	The old flag Is a flaunting lie
We venerate Southern chivalry	The habeas corpus Is hateful
Death to Abe Lincoln	Jeff Davis Isn't the Government
Down with Law and order	Mob law Shall triumph.

*Anonymous.*

## PANEGYRIC ON THE LADIES

(*Read alternate lines*)

THAT man must lead a happy life  
Who's free from matrimonial chains,  
Who is directed by a wife  
Is sure to suffer for his pains.

Adam could find no solid peace  
When Eve was given for a mate;  
Until he saw a woman's face  
Adam was in a happy state.

In all the female race appear  
Hypocrisy, deceit, and pride;  
Truth, darling of a heart sincere,  
In woman never did reside.

What tongue is able to unfold  
The failings that in woman dwell?  
The worth in woman we behold  
Is almost imperceptible.

Confusion take the man, I say,  
Who changes from his singleness,  
Who will not yield to woman's sway  
Is sure of earthly blessedness.

*Anonymous.*

## AMBIGUOUS LINES

(Read with a comma after the first noun in each line)

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail  
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail  
I saw a cloud all wrapt with ivy round  
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground  
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale  
I saw a foaming sea brimful of ale  
I saw a pewter cup sixteen feet deep  
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep  
I saw wet eyes in flames of living fire  
I saw a house as high as the moon and higher  
I saw the glorious sun at deep midnight  
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight.

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone  
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne  
I saw King George shut up within a box  
I saw an orange driving a fat ox  
I saw a butcher not a twelvemonth old  
I saw a great-coat all of solid gold  
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams  
I saw my friends who wished I'd quit these themes.

*Anonymous.*

## ECHO VERSES

---

### ECHO

I ASKED of Echo, t'other day  
(Whose words are often few and funny),  
What to a novice she could say  
Of courtship, love, and matrimony.  
Quoth Echo plainly,—“Matter-o'-money!”

Whom should I marry? Should it be  
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,  
A pattern of inconstancy;  
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?  
Quoth Echo, sharply,—“Nary flirt!”

What if, aweary of the strife  
That long has lured the dear deceiver,  
She promise to amend her life,  
And sin no more; can I believe her?  
Quoth Echo, very promptly,—“Leave her!”

But if some maiden with a heart  
On me should venture to bestow it,  
Pray, should I act the wiser part  
To take the treasure or forego it?  
Quoth Echo, with decision,—“Go it!”

But what if, seemingly afraid  
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,  
She vow she means to die a maid,  
In answer to my loving letter?  
Quoth Echo, rather coolly,—“Let her!”

What if, in spite of her disdain,  
I find my heart intwined about  
With Cupid's dear delicious chain  
So closely that I can't get out?  
Quoth Echo, laughingly,—“Get out!”

But if some maid with beauty blest,  
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,  
Will share my labor and my rest  
Till envious Death shall overtake her?  
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*),—“Take her!”

*John G. Saxe.*

### ROYALIST LINES

WHAT wantest thou, that thou art in this  
sad taking?

Echo: A king.

What made him first remove hence his residing?  
Siding.

Did any here deny him satisfaction?  
Faction.

Tell me wherein the strength of faction lies?  
On lies.

What didst thou when the king left his Parliament?  
Lament.

## *Echo Verses*

---

What terms wouldst give to gain his company?  
Any.

What wouldst thou do if here thou mightst behold him?  
Hold him.

But wouldst thou save him with thy best endeavour?  
Ever.

But if he comes not, what becomes of London?  
Undone.

*Anonymous.*

### SONG

ECHO, tell me, while I wander  
O'er this fairy plain to prove him,  
If my shepherd still grows fonder,  
Ought I in return to love him?  
Echo: Love him, love him!

If he loves, as is the fashion,  
Should I churlishly forsake him?  
Or in pity to his passion,  
Fondly to my bosom take him?  
Echo: Take him, take him!

Thy advice then, I'll adhere to,  
Since in Cupid's chains I've led him;  
And with Henry shall not fear to  
Marry, if you answer, "Wed him!"  
Echo: Wed him, wed him!

*Addison.*

## MACARONIC POETRY

---

### VERY FELIS-ITOUS

FELIS sedit by a hole,  
Intente she, cum omni soul,  
Predere rats.  
Mice cucurrerunt trans the floor,  
In numero duo tres or more,  
Obliti cats.

Felis saw them oculis,  
“I’ll have them,” inquit she, “I guess,  
Dum ludunt.”  
Tunc illa crepit toward the group,  
“Habeam” dixit, “good rat soup—  
Pingues sunt.”

Mice continued all ludere,  
Intenti they in ludum vere,  
Gaudenter.  
Tunc rushed the felis into them,  
Et tore them omnes limb from limb,  
Violenter.

## *Macaronic Poetry*

---

### MORAL

Mures omnes, nunc be shy,  
Et aurem præbe mihi—  
Benigne:  
Sic hoc satis—“verbum sat,”  
Avoid a whopping Thomas cat  
Studiose.

*Green Kendrick.*

### ÆSTIVATION

**I**N candard ire the solar splendour flames;  
The foles, languescent, pend from arid rames;  
His humid front the cive, anheling, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,  
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,  
Save yon exiguous pool’s conferva-scum—  
No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched! let me curr to quercine shades!  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!  
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump,—  
Depart—be off,—excede,—evade,—scump!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

### CE MÊME VIEUX COON

C E même vieux coon n'est pas quite mort,  
Il n'est pas seulement napping:  
Je pense, myself, unless j'ai tort,  
Cette chose est yet to happen.

En dix-huit forty-four, je sais,  
Vous'll hear des curious noises;  
He'll whet ses dents against some Clay,  
Et scare des Loco—Bois-es!

You know qui quand il est awake,  
Et quand il scratch ses clawses,  
Les Locos dans leurs souliers shake,  
Et, sheepish, hang leurs jaws-es.

Ce même vieux coon je ne sais pas why,  
Le mischief's come across him,  
Il fait believe he's going to die,  
Quand seulement playing 'possum.

Mais wait till nous le want encore,  
Nous'll stir him with une pole;  
He'll bite as mauvais as before  
Nous pulled him de son hole!

*Anonymous.*

WILD SPORTS IN THE EAST

A RMA virumque cano qui primo solebo peeping,  
    Jam nunc cum tabbynox languet to button her eyelids,  
Cum pointers et spaniels campos sylvasque pererrant.  
Vos mihi—Brontothesi over arms small and great dominantes,  
Date spurs to dull poet qui dog Latin carmina condit,  
Artibus atque novis audax dum sportsman I follow  
Per stubbles et turnips et tot discrimina rerum,  
Dum partridge with popping terrifcare minantur  
Pauci, namque valent a feather tangere plumbo!  
Carmina si hang fire discharge them bag-piping Apollo.  
Te quoque, magne cleator, te memorande precamur.  
Jam nunc thy fame gallops super Garamantos et Indos,  
Nam nabobs nil nisi de brimstone et charcoal loquentur,  
Horriterifizque “Tippoo” sulphurea, sustinet arma.  
Induit ecce shooter tunicam made of neat marble drugget,  
Quæ bene convenient defluxit to the waistband of breeches,  
Nunc paper et powder et silices popped in the side-pocket,

Immemor haud shot-bag graditur comitatus two  
pointers,  
Mellorian retinens tormentum dextra bibarelled:  
En stat staunch dog Dingo haud aliter quam  
steady guide post,  
Proximus atque Pero per stat si ponere juxta,  
With gun cocked and levelled at æva lumine clauso,  
Nunc avicida resolves haud double strong par-  
cere powder.  
Van teneri yelpers vos grandivique parentes  
Nunc palsy pate Jove orate to dress to the left  
hand,  
Et Veneri tip the wink like a shot to skim down  
ab alto  
Mingere per touch-hole totamque madescere prim-  
ing.  
Nunc lugete dire nunc sportsman plangite palmas,  
Ex silis ecce lepus from box cum thistle aperto!  
Bang bellowed both barrels, heu! pronus sterni-  
tur each dog,  
Et puss in the interim creeps away sub tegmine  
thornbush.

*Anonymous.*

### TO THE FAIR “COME-OUTER”

L ADY! formosissima tu!  
Cæruleis oculis have you,  
Ditto nose!  
Et vous n’avez pas une faute—  
And that you are going to vote,  
Goodness knows!

## *Macaronic Poetry*

---

And the roseus on your cheek,  
And your Algebra and Greek,  
Are parfait!  
And your jactus oculi  
Knows each star that shines in the  
Milky Way!

You have pouting, piquant lips,  
Sans doute vous pouvez an eclipse  
Calculate!  
Ne Cærulum colorantur,  
I should have in you, instanter,  
Met my fate!

Si, by some arrangement dual,  
I at once were Kant and Whewell;  
It would pay—  
Procus noti then to come  
To so sweet an Artium  
Magistra!

Or, Jewel of Consistency,  
Si possem clear-starch, cookere,  
Votre learning  
Might the leges proscribere—  
Do the pro patria mori,  
I, the churning!

*Anonymous*

“ICH BIN DEIN”

IN tempus old a hero lived,  
Qui loved puellas deux;  
He ne pouvait pas quite to say  
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même, un beau matin,  
Non 'possum both avoir,  
Sed si address Amanda Ann,  
Then Kate and I have war.

Amanda habet argent coin,  
Sed Kate has aureas curls;  
Et both sunt very *άγαθα*,  
Et quite formosa girls.

Enfin, the youthful anthropos,  
*Φιλοῦν* the duo maids,  
Resolved proponere ad Kate  
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,  
Il trouve Amanda there;  
Kai quite forgot his good resolves  
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed, smiling on the new tapis,  
Between the puellas twain,  
Cœpit to tell his flame to Kate  
Dans un poetique strain.

## *Macaronic Poetry*

---

Mais, glancing ever and anon  
At fair Amanda's eyes,  
Illæ non possunt dicere,  
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow  
With cheeks as rouge as wine,  
And offering each a milk-white hand,  
Both whispered, "Ich bin dein!"

*Anonymous.*

## MACARONIC MOTHER GOOSE

### JACK AND JILL

JACK cum amico Jill,  
Ascendit super montem;  
Johannes cecedit down the hill,  
Ex forte fregit frontem.

### LITTLE BO-PEEP

Parvula Bo-peep  
Amisit her sheep,  
Et nescit where to find 'em;  
Desere alone,  
Et venient home,  
Cum omnibus caudis behind 'em.

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Parvus Jacobus Horner  
Sedebat in corner,  
Edens a Christmas pie;  
Inferuit thumb,  
Extraherit plum—  
Clamans, “Quid sharp puer am I!”

*Anonymous.*

## LINGUISTIC AND DIALECTIC VERSE

---

### YE CARPETTE KNYGHTE \*

I HAVE a horse—a ryghte good horse—  
    Ne doe I envie those  
Who scoure ye plaine in headie course,  
    Tyll soddaine on theyre nose  
They lyghte wyth unexpected force—  
    It ys—a horse of clothes.

I have a saddel—“Say’st thou soe?  
    With styrruppes, Knyghte, to boote?”  
I sayde not that—I answere “Noe”—  
    Yt lacketh such, I woot—  
It ys a mutton-saddel, loe!  
    Parte of ye fleecie brute.

I have a bytte—ayghte good bytte—  
    As schall bee seene in tyme.  
Ye jawe of horse yt wyll not fytte—  
    Yts use ys more sublyme.  
Fayre Syr, how deemest thou of yt?  
    Yt ys—thys bytte of rhyme.

*Lewis Carroll.*

\* By permission of the Macmillan Company.

### THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD

J SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,  
Beguiled by wooer fayne and fond!  
And whiles His flatterynge Vowes She drank  
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,  
For She was Fayre and He was Kinde;  
The Sunne went down before She wist  
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownynge Browe,  
That deemed Her own the Urchin's Sinne,  
She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe  
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde  
With Shrikes that Echo answered round—  
O foolishe Mayd! to be soe sadde  
The Momente that her care was drownd!

*Thomas Hood.*

### A BORDER BALLAD \*

J AMIE lad, I lo'e ye weel,  
Jamie lad, I lo'e nae ither,  
Jamie lad, I lo'e ye weel,  
Like a mither.

\* From "More Misrepresentative Men," copyrighted, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

Jamie's ganging doon the burn,  
Jamie's ganging doon, whateffer,  
Jamie's ganging doon the burn,  
To Strathpeffer!

Jamie's comin' hame to dee,  
Jamie's comin' hame, I'm thinkin',  
Jamie's comin' hame to dee,  
Dee o' drinkin'!

Hech! Jamie! Losh! Jamie!  
Dinna greet sae sair!  
Gin ye canna, winna, shanna  
See yer lassie mair!  
Wha' hoo!  
Wha' hae!  
Strathpeffer!

The queys are moopin' i' the mirk,  
An' gin ye thole abin' the kirk,  
I'll gar ye tocher hame fra' work,  
Sae straught an' prinsie;  
In vain the lavrock leaves the snaw,  
The sonsie cowslips blithely blaw,  
The elbucks weep adoon the shaw,  
Or warl a whimsy,

The cootie muircocks crouensely craw,  
The maukins tak' their fud fu' braw,  
I gie their wanes a random paw,  
For a' they're skilpy;

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

For wha' sae glaikit, gleg an' din,  
To but the ben, or loup the linn,  
Or scraw aboon the tirlin'-pin  
Sae frae an' gilpie?

Och, snood the sporran roun' ma lap,  
The cairngorm clap in ilka cap,  
Och, hand me o'er  
Ma lang claymore,  
Twa bannocks an' a bap,  
Wha hoo!  
Twa bannocks an' a bap!  
*Captain Harry Graham.*

### VILLIKENS \*

QUAND VILLIKINS se promenait dans son jardin un matin, Il decouvrit La Belle Dinah étendue sur son chemin, Une tasse de soupe poisonnée froide dans sa main Et un billet-doux lisant qu'elle s'était suicidée bien.

Le corpus rigide il l'embrassait mille fois;  
D'être séparé de sa Dinah il ne l'endurait pas;  
Il avalait le reste de la soupe exécrable  
Et fut enterré de suite avec sa Dinah aimable.

\* From "Blown Away," by Richard Mansfield, copyrighted, 1897, by L. C. Page & Co. (Inc.).

Entendez bien la morale de ma plainte:  
D'un amant vulgaire il se change donc en saint,  
Et pour toute demoiselle qui se tue par amour,  
Qu'il meurt en martyr un jeune bel-homme  
toujours!

*Richard Mansfield.*

FROM VIVETTE'S "MILKMAID"

A MAYDE ther was, semely and meke enow  
She sate a-milken of a purpil Cowe;  
Rosy hire cheke as in the Month of Maye  
And sikerly her merry Songe was gay  
As of the Larke vprist, washen in Dewe;  
Like Shene of Sterres sperkled hire Eyen two.  
Now came ther by that Way, a hendy Knight  
The Mayde espien in morwening Light.  
A faire Perfon he was—of Corage trewe  
With lusty Berd and Chekes of rody Hewe;  
Dere Ladye (quod he) far and wide I've straide  
Uncouthe Aventure in strange Contree made  
Fro Berwike vnto Ware. Parde I vowe  
Erewhiles I never sawe a purpil Cowe!  
Fayn wold I knowe how Catel thus can be?  
Tel me I pracie you, of yore Courtesie!  
The Mayde hire Milken stent.—Goode Sir she faide  
The Master's Mandement on vs ylaid  
Decrees that in these yclept gilden Hours  
Hys Kyne shall ete of nought but Vylet Floures!

*Carolyn Wells.*

TRIOLETS OLLENDORFFIENS

J'E suis le frère  
Du bon cocher;  
Où est sa mère?  
Je suis le frère.

Tu es le père  
Je suis le frère  
Du jardinier  
Du bon cocher.

Où est mon canif?  
J'ai perdu ma chatte.  
Je veux du rosbif.  
Où est mon canif?  
J'ai tué le Juif.  
Faut-il qu'on se batte?  
Où est mon canif?  
J'ai perdu ma chatte.

La belle cousine  
Du fils de ma bru  
Vit dans ma cuisine,  
La belle cousine!  
Ta laide voisine  
N'a jamais connu  
La belle cousine  
Du fils de ma bru.

*J. K. Stephen.*

## JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND

(*An unpublished poem by Burns*)

O MICKLE yeuks the keckle doup,  
An' a' unsicker girns the graith,  
For wae and wae! the crowdies loup  
O'er jouk an' hallan, braw an' baith  
Where ance the coggie hirpled fair,  
And blithesome poortith toomed the loof,  
There's nae a burnie giglet rare  
But blaws in ilka jinking coof.

The routhie bield that gars the gear  
Is gone where glint the pawky een.  
And aye the stound is birkin lear  
Where sconnered yowies wheeped yestreen,  
The creeshie rax wi' skelpin' kaes  
Nae mair the howdie bicker whangs,  
Nor weanies in their wee bit claes  
Glour light as lammies wi' their sangs.

Yet leeze me on my bonny byke!  
My drappie aiblins blinks the noo,  
An' leesome lufe has lapt the dyke  
Forgatherin' just a wee bit fou.  
And Scotia! while thy rantin' lunt  
Is mirk and moop with gowans fine,  
I'll stowlins pit my unco brunt,  
An' cleek my duds for auld lang syne.

*Punch.*

“SOLDIER, REST!”

A RUSSIAN sailed over the blue Black Sea  
Just when the war was growing hot,  
And he shouted, “I’m Tjalikavakeree—  
Karindabrolikanavandorot—  
Schipkadirova—  
Ivandiszstova—  
Sanilik—  
Danilik—  
Varagobhot!”

A Turk was standing upon the shore  
Right where the terrible Russian crossed;  
And he cried, “Bismillah! I’m Abd el Kor—  
Bazaroukilgonautoskobrosk—  
Getzinpravadi—  
Grivido—  
Blivido—  
Jenikodosk!”

So they stood like brave men, long and well,  
And they called each other their proper names,  
Till the lockjaw seized them, and where they fell  
They buried them both by the Irdosholames—  
Kalatalustchuk—  
Mischaribustchup—  
Bulgari—  
Dulgari—  
Sagharamainz.

*Robert J. Burdette.*

## PUNNING WHIMSEYS

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### THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLISH ORTHOGRAPHY

A PRETTY deer is dear to me,  
A hare with downy hair,  
A hart I love with all my heart,  
But barely bear a bear.

'Tis plain that no one takes a plane,  
To have a pair of pears,  
Although a rake may take a rake,  
To tear away the tares.

A scribe in writing right may write,  
May write and still be wrong;  
For write and rite are neither right,  
And don't to right belong.

Robertson is not Robert's son,  
Nor did he rob Burt's son,  
Yet Robert's sun is Robin's sun,  
And everybody's sun.

Beer often brings a bier to man,  
Coughing a coffin brings,  
And too much ale will make us ail,  
As well as other things.

The person lies who says he lies,  
When he is not reclining;  
And when consumptive folk decline,  
They all decline declining.

Quails do not quail before the storm,  
A bow will bow before it;  
We cannot rein the rain at all—  
No earthly power reigns o'er it.

The dyer dyes a while, then dies—  
To dye he's always trying;  
Until upon his dying bed  
He thinks no more of dyeing.

A son of Mars mars many a son,  
And Deys must have their days;  
And every knight should pray each night  
To Him who weighs his ways.

"Tis meet that man should mete out meat  
To feed one's future son;  
The fair should fare on love alone,  
Else one cannot be won.

The springs shoot forth each spring, and shoots  
    Shoot forward one and all;  
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves  
    The leaves to fall in fall.

I would a story here commence,  
    But you might think it stale;  
So we'll suppose that we have reached  
    The tail end of our tale.

*Anonymous.*

### THE BRIEFLLESS BARRISTER

(*A Ballad*)

AN Attorney was taking a turn,  
    In shabby habiliments drest;  
His coat it was shockingly worn,  
    And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffered a breach,  
    His linen and worsted were worse;  
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat.  
    And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wandered along,  
    A cheerless and comfortless elf,  
He sought for relief in a song,  
    Or complainingly talked to himself:

“Unfortunate man that I am!  
I’ve never a client but grief;  
The case is, I’ve no case at all,  
And in brief, I’ve ne’er had a brief!

“I’ve waited and waited in vain,  
Expecting an ‘opening’ to find,  
Where an honest young lawyer might gain  
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

“ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,  
Or lack an intelligent face,  
That others have cases to plead,  
While I have to plead for a case.

“Oh, how can a modest young man,  
E’er hope for the smallest progression—  
The profession’s already so full  
Of lawyers so full of profession!”

While thus he was strolling around,  
His eye accidentally fell  
On a very deep hole in the ground,  
And he sighed to himself, “It is well!”

To curb his emotions, he sat  
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,  
Then cried, “Here’s an opening at last!”  
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came  
(’Twas the coroner bade them attend),  
To the end that it might be determined  
How the man had determined his end!

“The man was a lawyer, I hear,”  
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse;  
“A lawyer? Alas!” said another,  
“Undoubtedly died of remorse!”

A third said, “He knew the deceased,  
An attorney well versed in the laws,  
And as to the cause of his death,  
’Twas no doubt from the want of a cause.”

The jury decided at length,  
After solemnly weighing the matter,  
“That the lawyer was drownded, because  
He could not keep his head above water!”

*John G. Saxe.*

### A COUNTRY SUMMER PASTORAL

*(As written by a learned scholar of the city from knowledge derived from etymological deductions rather than from actual experience)*

I WOULD flee from the city’s rule and law,  
From its fashion and form cut loose,  
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,  
And the gooseberry on its goose;  
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat  
As she crouches for her prey—  
The guileless and unsuspecting rat  
On the rattan bush at play.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

I will watch at ease for the saffron cow  
And the cowlet in their glee,  
As they leap in joy from bough to bough  
On the top of the cowslip tree;  
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,  
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,  
And the dog devours the dog-wood plum  
In the primitive solitude.

And then to the whitewashed dairy I'll turn,  
Where the dairymaid hastening hies,  
Her ruddy and golden-haired butter to churn  
From the milk of her butterflies;  
And I'll rise at morn with the early bird,  
To the fragrant farm-yard pass,  
When the farmer turns his beautiful herd  
Of grasshoppers out to grass.

*Anonymous.*

### JAPANESQUE \*

O H, where the white quince blossom swings  
I love to take my Japan ease!  
I love the maid Anise who clings  
So lightly on my Japan knees;  
I love the little song she sings,  
The little love-song Japanese.  
I almost love the lute's *tink-tunkle*  
Played by that charming Jap Anise—  
For am I not her old Jap uncle?  
And is she not my Japan niece?

*Oliver Herford.*

\* From "The Bashful Earthquake," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

### TO MY NOSE

K NOWS he that never took a pinch,  
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows,  
Knows he the titillating joys  
Which my nose knows?  
O Nose, I am as proud of thee  
As any mountain of its snows,  
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride  
A Roman knows!

*Alfred A. Forrester (Alfred Crowquill).*

### A CATALECTIC MONODY!

A CAT I sing, of famous memory,  
Though catachrestical my song may be;  
In a small garden catacomb she lies,  
And cataclysms fill her comrades' eyes;  
Borne on the air, the catacoustic song,  
Swells with her virtues' catalogue along;  
No cataplasm could lengthen out her years,  
Though mourning friends shed cataracts of tears.  
Once loud and strong her catechist-like voice  
It dwindled to a catcall's squeaking noise;  
Most categorical her virtues shone,  
By catenation join'd each one to one;—  
But a vile catchpoll dog, with cruel bite,  
Like catling's cut, her strength disabled quite;

Her caterwauling pierced the heavy air,  
As cataphracts their arms through legions bear;  
'Tis vain! as caterpillars drag away  
Their lengths, like cattle after busy day,  
She ling'ring died, nor left in kit-kat the  
Embodyment of this catastrophe.

*Cruikshank's Omnibus.*

### SPELLING REFORM

WITH tragic air the love-lorn heir  
Once chased the chaste Louise;  
She quickly guessed her guest was there  
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed,  
His sighs of woeful size;  
“Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low  
I rise before your eyes.

“This soul is sole thine own, Louise—  
’Twill never wean, I ween,  
The love that I for aye shall feel,  
Though mean may be its mien!”

“You know I cannot tell you no,”  
The maid made answer true;  
“I love you aught, as sure I ought—  
To you ’tis due I do!”

*Punning Whimseys*

---

“Since you are won, oh fairest one,  
The marriage rite is right—  
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up  
This night,” exclaimed the knight.

*Anonymous.*

## TRAVESTIES

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### OPTIMISM

**B**E brave, faint heart,  
The dough shall yet be cake;  
Be strong, weak heart,  
The butter is to come.

Some cheerful chance will right the apple-cart,  
The devious pig will gain the lucky mart,  
Loquacity be dumb,—  
Collapsed the fake.  
Be brave, faint heart!

Be strong, weak heart,  
The path will be made plain;  
Be brave, faint heart,  
The bore will crawl away.

The upside down will turn to right side up,  
The stiffened lip compel that slipping cup,  
The doldrums of the day  
Be not in vain.  
Be strong, weak heart!

Be brave, faint heart,  
The jelly means to jell;  
Be strong, weak heart,  
The hopes are in the malt.

The wrong side in will yet turn right side out,  
The long-time lost come down yon cormorant spout.

Life still is worth her salt:  
What ends well's well.  
Be brave, faint heart!

*N. M.*

### THE ORIGINAL LAMB

O H, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose  
cuticular  
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in  
each particular.  
On each occasion when the lass was seen per-  
ambulating,  
The little quadruped likewisewas there a gallivating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge  
dispensary,  
Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly  
contrary.  
Immediately whereupon the pedagogue superior,  
Exasperated, did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary, on beholding such performance  
arbitrary,  
Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands  
called lachrymary,  
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilari-  
ous,  
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures  
various.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

“What makes the lamb love Mary so?” the scholars asked the teacher.

He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the creature.

“Oh pecus amorem Mary habit omnia temporum.”

“Thanks, teacher dear,” the scholars cried, and awe crept darkly o'er 'em.

*Tid-bits.*

### THE LITTLE STAR

**S**CINTILLATE scintillate, globule orific,  
Fain would I fathom thy nature's specific.  
Loftily poised in ether capacious,  
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence  
And ceases to lamp with fierce incandescence,  
Then you illumine the regions supernal,  
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination  
Gratefully hails your minute coruscation.  
He could not determine his journey's direction  
But for your bright scintillating protection.

*Anonymous.*

## A PIAZZA TRAGEDY

THE beauteous Ethel's father has a  
Newly painted front piazza—  
He has a  
Piazza;  
When with tobacco juice 'twas tainted  
They had the front piazza painted—  
That tainted  
Piazza painted.

Algernon called that night, perchance,  
Arrayed in comely sealskin pants—  
That night, perchance,  
In gorgeous pants;  
Engaging Ethel in a chat  
On that piazza down he sat—  
In chat,  
They sat.

And when an hour or two had pass'd,  
He tried to rise, but oh! stuck fast—  
At last  
Stuck fast!  
Fair Ethel shrieked, "It is the paint!"  
And fainted in a deadly faint—  
This saint  
Did faint.

Algernon sits there till this day—  
He cannot tear himself away,—  
    Away?  
    Nay, nay!  
His pants are firm, the paint is dry—  
He's nothing else to do but die—  
    To die!  
    O my!

*Eugene Field.*

### AFTER DILETTANTE CONCETTI

“WHY do you wear your hair like a man,  
    Sister Helen?  
This week is the third since you began.”  
“I’m writing a ballad; be still if you can,  
    Little brother.  
(O Mother Carey, mother!  
What chickens are these between sea and heaven?)”

“But why does your figure appear so lean,  
    Sister Helen?  
And why do you dress in sage, sage green?”  
“Children should never be heard, if seen,  
    Little brother?  
(O Mother Carey, mother!  
What fowls are a-wing in the stormy heaven!)”

“But why is your face so yellowy white,  
    Sister Helen?

And why are your skirts so funnily tight?"

"Be quiet, you torment, or how can I write,  
Little brother?

(O Mother Carey, mother!

How gathers thy train to the sea from the heaven!)"

"And who's Mother Carey, and what is her train,  
Sister Helen?

And why do you call her again and again?"

"You troublesome boy, why that's the refrain,  
Little brother.

(O Mother Carey, mother!

What work is toward in the startled heaven?)"

"And what's a refrain? What a curious word,  
Sister Helen!

Is the ballad you're writing about a sea-bird?"

"Not at all; why should it be? Don't be absurd,  
Little brother.

(O Mother Carey, mother!

Thy brood flies lower as lowers the heaven.)"

(A big brother speaketh:)

"The refrain you've studied a meaning had,  
Sister Helen!

It gave strange force to a weird ballad.

But refrains have become a ridiculous 'fad,'  
Little brother.

And Mother Carey, mother,

Has a bearing on nothing in earth or heaven.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

“But the finical fashion has had its day,  
Sister Helen.

And let’s try in the style of a different lay  
To bid it adieu in poetical way,  
Little brother.

So, Mother Carey, mother!  
Collect your chickens and go to—heaven.”

(*A pause. Then the big brother singeth, accompanying himself in a plaintive wise on the triangle.*)

“Look in my face. My name is Used-to-was;  
I am also called Played-out, and Done to Death,  
And It-will-wash-no-more. Awakeneth  
Slowly but sure awakening it has,  
The common-sense of man; and I, alas!  
The ballad-burden trick, now known too well,  
Am turned to scorn, and grown contemptible—  
A too transparent artifice to pass.

“What a cheap dodge I am! The cats who dart  
Tin-kettled through the streets in wild surprise  
Assail judicious ears not otherwise;  
And yet no critics praise the urchin’s ‘art,’  
Who to the wretched creature’s caudal part  
Its foolish empty-jingling ‘burden’ ties.”

*H. D. Traill.*

### ISRAFIDDLESTRINGS

IN heaven a Spirit doth dwell  
Whose heart strings are a fiddle,  
(The reason he sings so well—  
This fiddler Israfel),  
And the giddy stars (will any one tell  
Why giddy?) to attend his spell  
Cease their hymns in the middle.

On the height of her go  
Totters the Moon, and blushes  
As the song of that fiddle rushes  
Across her bow.  
The red Lightning stands to listen,  
And the eyes of the Pleiads glisten  
As each of the seven puts its fist in  
Its eyes, for the mist in.

And they say—it's a riddle—  
That all these listening things,  
That stop in the middle  
For the heart-strung fiddle  
With such the Spirit sings,  
Are held as on the griddle  
By these unusual strings.

Wherefore thou art not wrong,  
Israfel! in that thou boastest  
Fiddlestrings uncommon strong;  
To thee the fiddlestrings belong  
With which thou toastest  
Other hearts as on a prong.

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Yes! heaven is thine, but this  
Is a world of sours and sweets,—  
Where cold meats are cold meats,  
And the eater's most perfect bliss  
Is the shadow of him who treats.

If I could griddle  
As Israfiddle  
Has griddled—he fiddle as I,—  
He might not fiddle so wild a riddle  
As this mad melody,  
While the Pleiads all would leave off in the middle  
Hearing my griddle-cry.

*Anonymous.*

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS

(*A Soliloquy*)

I AM a hearthrug—  
Yes, a rug—  
Though I cannot describe myself as snug;  
Yet I know that for me they paid a price  
For a Turkey carpet that would suffice  
(But we live in an age of rascal vice).  
Why was I ever woven,  
For a clumsy lout, with a wooden leg,  
To come with his endless Peg! Peg!  
Peg! Peg!  
With a wooden leg,  
Till countless holes I'm drove in.

## *Travesties*

---

(“Drove,” I have said, and it should be “driven”;  
A heartrug’s blunders should be forgiven,  
For wretched scribblers have exercised  
    Such endless bosh and clamour,  
So improvidently have improvised,  
That they’ve utterly ungrammaticised  
    Our ungrammatical grammar).

    And the coals  
    Burn holes,  
    Or make spots like moles,  
And my lily-white tints, as black as your hat turn,  
And the housemaid (a matricide, will-forging  
    slattern),  
    Rolls  
    The rolls  
    From the plate, in shoals,  
When they’re put to warm in front of the coals;  
And no one with me condoles,  
For the butter stains on my beautiful pattern.  
But the coals and rolls, and sometimes soles,  
Dropp’d from the frying-pan out of the fire,  
Are nothing to raise my indignant ire,  
    Like the Peg! Peg!  
Of that horrible man with the wooden leg.

This moral spread from me,  
    Sing it, ring it, yelp it—  
Never a hearthrug be,  
    That is if you can help it.

*Anonymous.*

BALLAD OF THE CANAL

WE were crowded in the cabin,  
Not a soul had room to sleep;  
It was midnight on the waters,  
And the banks were very steep.

'Tis a fearful thing when sleeping  
To be startled by the shock,  
And to hear the rattling trumpet  
Thunder, "Coming to a lock!"

So we shuddered there in silence,  
For the stoutest berth was shook,  
While the wooden gates were opened  
And the mate talked with the cook.

And as thus we lay in darkness,  
Each one wishing we were there,  
"We are through!" the captain shouted,  
And he sat down on a chair.

And his little daughter whispered,  
Thinking that he ought to know,  
"Isn't travelling by canal-boats  
Just as safe as it is slow?"

Then he kissed the little maiden,  
And with better cheer we spoke,  
And we trotted into Pittsburg,  
When the morn looked through the smoke.

*Phoebe Cary.*

POETRY AND THE POET\*

(*A Sonnet*)

(Found on the Poet's desk)

WEARY, I open wide the antique pane  
I ope to the air  
I ope to  
I open to the air the antique pane  
And gaze { beyond? } the thrift-sown fields of  
                  { across      } wheat, (commonplace?)  
A-shimmering green in breezes born of heat;  
And lo!  
And high  
And my soul's eyes behold { a ?- } the billowy main  
Whose further shore is Greece                          strain  
    again  
    vain  
(Arcadia—mythological allusion. — Mem.: Lem-  
prière.)  
I see thee, Atalanta, vestal fleet,  
And look! with doves low-fluttering round her feet,  
Comes Venus through the golden { fields of? } grain  
    bowing

\* From Poems of H. C. Bunner, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

(Heard by the Poet's neighbor)  
Venus be bothered—it's Virginia Dix!

(Found on the Poet's door)  
Out on important business—back at 6.

*H. C. Bunner.*

### WHENCENESS OF THE WHICH

*(Some distance after Tennyson)*

COME into the Whenceness Which,  
For the fierce Because has flown:  
Come into the Whenceness Which,  
I am here by the Where alone;  
And the Whereas odors are wafted abroad  
Till I hold my nose and groan.

Queen Which of the Whichbud garden of What's  
Come hither the jig is done.  
In gloss of Isness and shimmer of Was,  
Queen Thisness and Which is one;  
Shine out, little Which, sunning over the bangs,  
To the Nowness, and be its sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear  
From the Is flower at the fence;  
She is coming, my Which, my dear,  
And as she Whistles a song of the Whence,  
The Nowness cries, "She is near, she is near."  
And the Thingness howls, "Alas!"  
The Whoness murmurs, "Well, I should smile,"  
And the Whatlet sobs, "I pass."

*Anonymous.*

## THE MIGHTY MUST

COME mighty Must!  
Inevitable Shall!  
In thee I trust.  
Time weaves my coronal!  
Go mocking Is!  
Go disappointing Was!  
That I am this  
Ye are the cursed cause!  
Yet humble second shall be first,  
I ween;  
And dead and buried be the curst  
Has Been!

Oh weak Might Be!  
Oh, May, Might, Could, Would, Should!  
How powerless ye  
For evil or for good!  
In every sense  
Your moods I cheerless call,  
Whate'er your tense  
Ye are imperfect, all!  
Ye have deceived the trust I've shown  
In ye!  
Away! The Mighty Must alone  
Shall be!

*W. S. Gilbert.*

A CONCORD LOVE-SONG \*

**S**HALL we meet again, love,  
In the distant When, love,  
When the Now is Then, love,  
And the Present Past?

Shall the mystic Yonder,  
On which I ponder,  
I sadly wonder,  
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting  
Of our primal meeting,  
And the fateful greeting  
Of the How and Why!  
Ah, the Thingness flying  
From the Hereness, sighing  
For a love undying  
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,  
The Whichness madd'ning,  
And the But ungladd'ning,  
That lie behind!  
When the signless token  
Of love is broken  
In the speech unspoken  
Of mind to mind!

\* By permission of E. H. Bacon & Co.

## *Travesties*

---

But the mind perceiveth  
When the spirit grieveth,  
And the heart relieveth  
    Itself of woe;  
And the doubt-mists lifted  
From the eyes love-gifted  
Are rent and rifted  
    In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,  
As I turn to thee, love,  
I seem to see love,  
    No Ego there.  
But the Meness dead, love,  
The Theeness fled, love,  
And born instead, love,  
    An Usness rare!

*James Jeffrey Roche.*

### A SONG OF SORROW \*

(*A Lullabylet for a Magazinelet*)

WAN from the wild and woful West—  
    Sleep, little babe, sleep on!  
Mother will sing to—you know the rest—  
    Sleep, little babe, sleep on!  
Softly the sand steals slowly by,  
Cursed be the curlew's chittering cry;  
By-a-by, oh, by-a-by!  
    Sleep, little babe, sleep on!

\* By permission of Harper & Bros.

Rosy and sweet come the hush of night—  
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!

(Twig to the lilt, I have got it all right)  
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!

Dark are the dark and darkling days  
Winding the webbed and winsome ways,  
Homeward she creeps in dim amaze—  
Sleep, little babe, sleep on!

(But it waked up, drat it!)

*Charles Battell Loomis.*

### WATERLOO PLACE

W UW—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—Wuw—  
W—Waterloo Place? yes you  
T—take the first tut—tut—tut—turning  
that faces you,—  
Lul—left,—and then kuk—kuk—kuk—kuk—  
kuk—kuk—keep up, Pall Mall 'till you  
See the Wuw—wuw—Wuw—Wuw—  
Zounds, Sir, you'll get there before I can tell  
it you!

*H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.*

### ALL THE SAME IN THE END

*(Epitaph in the Homersfield, Eng., Churchyard)*

A S I walked by myself, I talked to myself,  
And thus myself said unto me:  
“Look to thyself, and take care of thyself,  
For nobody cares for thee.”

So I turned to myself, and answered myself  
In the self-same reverie:  
“Look to thyself or not to thyself,  
The self-same thing it will be.”

*Isaac Ross.*

A APPEAL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT  
OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINOUSE

(By a gasper)

THE sextant of the meetinouse, which sweeps  
And dusts, or is supposed too! and makes  
fiers,  
And lites the gas and sometimes leaves a  
screw loose,  
in which case it smells orful—worse than lampile;  
And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dyes  
to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps pathes;  
And for the servases gits \$100 per annum,  
Which them that thinks deer, let em try it;  
Getting up be foar star-lite in all weathers and  
Kindlin-fires when the wether it is cold  
As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlers;  
I wouldn’t be hired to do it for no some—  
But o sextant! there are i kermoddity  
Which’s more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,  
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Man.  
i mean pewer Are, sextent, i mean pewer are!  
O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no  
What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about

Scaterin levs and bloin of men's hatts;  
in short, jest 'fre as are" out dores.  
But o sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,  
scarce as bank bills wen agints beg for mischuns,  
Wich some say purty often (taint nothin to me,  
Wat I give aint nothin to nobody), but o sextant,  
u shut 500 mens wimmen and children,  
Speshally the latter, up in a tite place,  
Some has bad breths, none aint 2 swete,  
some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teeth,  
And some haint none, and some aint over clean;  
But every 1 on em breethes in and out and out and  
in,  
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths  
an our,  
Now how long will a church ful of are last at that  
rate,  
I ask you, say 15 minutes, and then wats to be did?  
Why then they must breathe it all over agin.  
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it down,  
At least ten times, and let it up again, and wats more  
The same individible don't have the privilege  
of brethen his own are, and no one's else;  
Each one mus take whatever comes to him.  
O sextant, don't you know our lungs is bellusses,  
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from  
goin out; and how can bellusses blow without wind,  
And aint wind *are*? i put it to your conscens.  
Are is the same to us as milk to babes,  
Or water to fish, or pendlums to clox—  
Or roots and airbs unto an injun Doctor,  
Or little pils to an omepath,

## *Travesties*

---

Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe,  
Wat signifies who preeches if i cant brethe?  
Wats Pol? Wats Pollus? to sinners who are ded?  
Ded for want of breth? why sextant, when we die  
Its only coz we cant brethe no more—that's all.  
And now, O sextant, let me beg of you  
2 let a little are into our church.  
(Pewer are is sertin proper for the pews)  
And do it weak days and Sundays tew—  
It aint much trouble—only make a hole  
And the are will come in itself;  
(It luvs to come in whare it can git warm:)  
And o how it will rouse the people up  
And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garbs,  
And yawns and figgits as effectooal  
As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tells of.

*Anonymous.*

## TECHNICAL WHIMSEYS

---

### THE COSMIC EGG

UPON a rock, yet uncreate,  
Amid a chaos inchoate,  
An uncreated being sate;  
Beneath him, rock,  
Above him, cloud.  
And the cloud was rock,  
And the rock was cloud.  
The rock then growing soft and warm,  
The cloud began to take a form,  
A form chaotic, vast and vague,  
Which issued in the cosmic egg.  
Then the Being uncreate  
On the egg did incubate,  
And thus became the incubator;  
And of the egg did allegate,  
And thus became the alligator;  
And the incubator was potentate,  
But the alligator was potentator.

*Anonymous.*

ODE ON THE 450TH ANNIVERSARY  
CELEBRATION AT ETON

THINK of a number: double it  
(If that does not surpass thy wit);  
Subtract a dozen: add a score:  
Divide by twenty: multiply  
By twice the cube of  $x+y$ ,  
And half again as many more:  
Then take the twenty-seventh root  
And logarithmic sine to boot,  
And if the answer show  
Just nine times fifty, make it so.

There's something more than half divine  
In fifty multiplied by nine:  
And never integer has been  
So grand as thirty times fifteen:  
The total I could doubtless praise  
In many other striking ways:  
But this at least is very plain,—  
The same will never come again.

Then make an exhibition please  
And summon guests from far and wide:  
And marry mystic melodies  
To odes instinct with proper pride.  
Invoke the Founder's mighty name,  
And boast of Gray's and Shelley's fame:

For this is very sure: that he  
Who misses the latest jubilee  
Shall not improbably be vexed  
By missing equally the next.

Then let us resolutely strive  
This mighty fact to keep alive  
That 5 times 9 is 45;  
And furthermore the truth to fix  
(In their behoof whose course will run  
In June of 1981)  
That 54 is 9 times 6.

*J. K. Stephen.*

## NURSERY GARDENING

I LEARN, in Kindergarten, all  
The little things are small.

And how to fix a thing that winds.  
She says it rests our minds.

And purple paper weaved with blue  
The next thing is to do.

And toolyjoor I always learn  
How water will not burn.

And then we string some yellow straw;  
I wonder what it's for.

And Teacher makes us muddle clay  
One time each single day;

And sing about a kitty-cat;  
But never learned me that.

*N. M.*

### THE CHEMIST TO HIS LOVE

I LOVE thee, Mary, and thou lovest me—  
Our mutual flame is like th' affinity  
That doth exist between two simple bodies;  
I am Potassium to thine Oxygen.  
'Tis little that the holy marriage vow  
Shall shortly make us one. That unity  
Is, after all, but metaphysical.  
Oh, would that I, my Mary, were an acid,  
A living acid; thou an alkali  
Endowed with human sense, that, brought together,  
We both might coalesce into one salt,  
One homogeneous crystal. Oh! that thou  
Wert Carbon, and myself were Hydrogen;  
We would unite to form olefiant gas,  
Or common coal, or naphtha—would to Heaven  
That I were Phosphorus, and thou wert Lime!  
And we of Lime composed a Phosphuret.  
I'd be content to be Sulphuric Acid,  
So thou might be Soda; in that case  
We should be Glauber's Salt. Wert thou Magnesia  
Instead, we'd form that's named from Epsom.  
Couldst thou Potassia be, I Aqua-fortis,

Our happy union should that compound form,  
Nitrate of Potash—otherwise Saltpetre.  
And thus our several natures sweetly blent,  
We'd live and love together, until death  
Should decompose that fleshly tertium quid,  
Leaving our souls to all eternity  
Amalgamated. Sweet, thy name is Briggs  
And mine is Johnson. Wherefore should not we  
Agree to form a Johnsonate of Briggs?  
We will! The day, the happy day is nigh,  
When Johnson shall with beauteous Briggs com-  
bine.

*Puncb.*

## ZOOLOGY

**A**H! merry is the Madrepore that sits beside the sea;  
The cheery little Coralline hath many charms for me;  
I love the fine Echinoderms, of azure, green, and gray,  
That handled roughly fling their arms impulsively away;  
Then bring me here the microscope and let me see the cells  
Wherein the little Zoöphite like garden floweret dwells.

We'll take the fair Anemone from off its rocky seat,  
Since Rondeletius has said when fried 'tis good to eat.

## *Technical Whimsies*

---

Dyspeptics from Sea-Cucumbers a lesson well may  
win,  
They blithely take their organs out and put some  
fresh ones in.  
The Rotifer in whirling round may surely bear the  
bell,  
With Oceanic Hydrozoids that Huxley knows so  
well.

You've heard of the Octopus, 'tis a pleasant thing  
to know  
He has a ganglion makes him blush, not red, but  
white as snow;  
And why the strange Cercaria, to go a long way  
back,  
Wears ever, as some ladies do, a fashionable "sac";  
And how the Pawn has parasites that on his head  
make holes;  
Ask Dr. Cobbold, and he'll say they're just like  
tiny soles.

Then study well zoölogy, and add unto your store  
The tale of Biogenesis and Protoplasmic lore;  
As Paley neatly has observed, when into life they  
burst,  
The frog and the philosopher are just the same at  
first;  
But what's the origin of life remains a puzzle still,  
Let Tyndall, Haeckel, Bastian, go wrangle as they  
will.

*Punch.*

### A BILLET-DOUX

A CCEPT, dear Miss, this article of mine,  
(For what's indefinite, who can define?)  
My case is singular, my house is rural,  
Wilt thou, indeed, consent to make it plural?  
Something, I feel, pervades my system through.  
I can't describe, yet substantively true,  
Thy form so feminine, thy mind reflective,  
Where all's possessive good, and nought objective.  
I'm positive none can compare with thee  
In wit and worth's superlative degree.  
First person, then, indicative but prove,  
Let thy soft passive voice exclaim, "I love!"  
Active, in cheerful mood, no longer neuter,  
I'll leave my cares, both present, past, and future.  
But ah! what torture must I undergo  
Till I obtain that little "Yes" or "No!"  
Spare me the negative—to save compunction,  
Oh, let my preposition meet conjunction!  
What could excite such pleasing recollection,  
At hearing thee pronounce this interjection,  
"I will be thine! thy joys and griefs to share,  
Till Heaven shall please to point a period there!"

*Anonymous.*

## IMITATIVE HARMONY

---

### THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—  
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
With a crystalline delight;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,  
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight  
From the molten-golden notes!

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
    How it swells!  
    How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
    Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
    Of the bells, bells, bells—  
    Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
    Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
    In the startled ear of night  
    How they scream out their affright!  
    Too much horrified to speak,  
    They can only shriek, shriek,  
        Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the  
    fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
    fire  
    Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
    With a desperate desire,  
    And a resolute endeavour,  
    Now—now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
    Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
    What a tale their terror tells  
        Of despair!

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
    Yet the ear, it fully knows,  
        By the twanging  
        And the clangor,  
    How the danger ebbs and flows;  
    Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
        In the jangling  
        And the wrangling,  
    How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
    bells—  
        Of the bells—  
    Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
    Iron bells!  
What a world of solemn thought their monody  
    compels!  
    In the silence of the night  
    How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone!  
    For every sound that floats  
    From the rust within their throats,  
        Is a groan:  
    And the people—ah, the people—  
    They that dwell up in the steeple,  
        All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman—  
They are neither brute nor human—  
They are Ghouls!  
And their king it is who tolls;  
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,  
A pæan from the bells!  
And his merry bosom swells  
With the pæan of the bells!  
And he dances and he yells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the pæan of the bells—  
Of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the throbbing of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
To the sobbing of the bells;  
Keeping time, time, time,  
As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

*Edgar Allan Poe.*

## THE CATARACT OF LODORE

HOW does the water  
Come down at Lodore?"  
My little boy asked me  
Thus, once on a time;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
Anon at the word,  
There first came one daughter,  
And then came another,  
To second and third  
The request of their brother,  
And to hear how the water  
Comes down at Lodore,  
With its rush and its roar,  
As many a time  
They had seen it before.  
So I told them in rhyme,  
For of rhymes I had store;  
And 'twas in my vocation  
For their recreation  
That so I should sing;  
Because I was Laureate  
To them and the King.

From its sources which well  
In the tarn on the fell;

From its fountains  
In the mountains,  
Its rills and its gills;  
Through moss and through brake,  
It runs and it creeps  
For a while till it sleeps  
In its own little lake.  
And thence at departing,  
Awakening and starting,  
It runs through the reeds,  
And away it proceeds,  
Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood-shelter,  
Among crags in its flurry,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-skurry,  
Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Now smoking and frothing  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
Till, in this rapid race  
On which it is bent,  
It reaches the place  
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong  
Then plunges along,  
Striking and raging  
As if a war waging  
Its caverns and rocks among;  
Rising and leaping,

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and sweeping,  
Showering and springing,  
Flying and flinging,  
Writhing and wringing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Turning and twisting  
    Around and around  
With endless rebound:  
    Smiting and fighting,  
    A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,  
Receding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,  
And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and going,  
And running and stunning,  
And foaming and roaming,

And dinning and spinning,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And guggling and struggling,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And falling and brawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and  
beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and  
slapping,

And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and  
jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and  
clashing;  
And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,—  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

*Robert Southey.*

### WHAT IS A WOMAN LIKE?

A WOMAN is like to—but stay—  
What a woman is like, who can say?  
There is no living with or without one.  
Love bites like a fly,  
Now an ear, now an eye,  
Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.  
When she's tender and kind  
She is like to my mind,  
(And Fanny was so, I remember).  
She's like to—Oh, dear!  
She's as good, very near,  
As a ripe, melting peach in September.  
If she laugh, and she chat,  
Play, joke, and all that,  
And with smiles and good humor she meet me,  
She's like a rich dish  
Of venison or fish,  
That cries from the table, Come eat me!

But she'll plague you and vex you,  
Distract and perplex you;  
False-hearted and ranging,  
Unsettled and changing,  
What then do you think, she is like?  
    Like sand? Like a rock?  
    Like a wheel? Like a clock?  
Ay, a clock that is always at strike.  
Her head's like the island folks tell on,  
Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on;  
Her heart's like a lemon—so nice  
She carves for each lover a slice;  
    In truth she's to me,  
    Like the wind, like the sea,  
Whose raging will hearken to no man;  
    Like a mill, like a pill,  
    Like a flail, like a whale,  
    Like an ass, like a glass  
Whose image is constant to no man;  
    Like a shower, like a flower,  
    Like a fly, like a pie,  
    Like a pea, like a flea,  
    Like a thief, like—in brief,  
She's like nothing on earth—but a woman!

*Anonymous.*

### THE KITCHEN CLOCK

**K**NITTING is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,  
Doing nothing sits the chore boy, Billy;  
    “Seconds reckoned,  
Seconds reckoned;

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

Every minute,  
Sixty in it.  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Tick-tock, tock-tick,  
Nick-knock, knock-nick,  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,  
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy;  
"Time's a-flying,  
Worth your trying;  
Pretty Milly—  
Kiss her, Billy!  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Tick-tock, tock-tick,  
Now—now, quick—quick!  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,  
Billy boy is looking very silly;  
"Pretty misses,  
Plenty kisses;  
Make it twenty,  
Take a plenty.  
Billy, Milly,  
Milly, Billy,  
Right—left, left—right,  
That's right, all right,

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they're sitting, Milly, Billy;  
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!  
"Winter weather,  
Close together;  
Wouldn't tarry,  
Better marry.  
Milly, Billy,  
Billy, Milly,  
Two—one, one—two,  
Don't wait, 'twon't do,  
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—  
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?  
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?  
"Give me credit,  
For I did it;  
Treat me kindly,  
Mind you wind me.  
Mister Billy,  
Mistress Milly,  
My—O, O—my,  
By-by, by-by,  
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—  
Goes the kitchen clock.

*John Vance Cheney.*

THE FISHERMAN'S CHANT

O H, the fisherman is a happy wight!  
He dibbles by day, and he sniggles by night.  
He trolls for fish, and he trolls his lay—  
He sniggles by night, and he dibbles by day.

Oh, who so merry as he!  
On the river or the sea!

Sniggling,  
Wriggling  
Eels, and higgling  
Over the price  
Of a nice  
Slice  
Of fish, twice  
As much as it ought to be.

Oh, the fisherman is a happy man!  
He dibbles, and sniggles, and fills his can!  
With a sharpened hook, and a sharper eye,  
He sniggles and dibbles for what comes by.

Oh, who so merry as he!  
On the river or the sea!

Dibbling  
Nibbling  
Chub, and quibbling  
Over the price  
Of a nice  
Slice  
Of fish, twice  
As much as it ought to be.

*F. C. Burnand.*

## THE RECRUIT

SEZ Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:  
“Bedad, yer a bad un!  
Now turn out yer toes!  
Yer belt is unhookit,  
Yer cap is on crookit,  
Ye may not be dhrunk,  
But, be jabers, ye look it!  
Wan—two!  
Wan—two!  
Ye monkey-faced devil, I’ll jolly ye through!  
Wan—two!—  
Time! Mark!  
Ye march like the aigle in Cintheral Parrk!”

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:  
“A saint it ud sadden  
To dhrill such a mug!  
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!—  
Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!  
Ye’ve jaws like a goat—  
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!  
Wan—two!  
Wan—two!  
Ye whiskered orang-outang, I’ll fix you!  
Wan—two!—  
Time! Mark!  
Ye’ve eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?”

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Yer figger wants padd'n"—

Sure, man, ye've no shape!

Behind ye yer shoulders

Stick out like two boulders;

Yer shins is as thin

As a pair of pen-holders!

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake but I bark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"Me heart it ud gladden

To blacken your eye.

Ye're gettin' too bold, ye

Compel me to scold ye,—

'Tis halt! that I say,—

Will ye heed what I told ye?

Wan—two!

Wan—two!

Be jabers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!

Wan—two!

Time! Mark!

What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:

"I'll not stay a gaddin',

Wid dagoes like you!

I'll travel no farther,  
I'm dyin' for—wather;—  
Come on, if ye like,—  
Can ye loan me a quather?

Ya-as, you—

What,—two?

And ye'll pay the potheen? Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!  
You'll do!

Whist! Mark!

The Rigiont's flattered to own ye, me spark!"

*Robert William Chambers.*

NO!

No sun—no moon!  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of  
day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no “t'other side the way”—  
No end to any Row—  
No indications where the Crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em!  
No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
No inkling of the way—no notion—  
“No go”—by land or ocean—

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!

*Thomas Hood.*

## LAY OF THE DESERTED INFLUENZAED

D<sup>OE</sup>, doe!  
I shall never see her bore!  
Dever bore our feet shall rove  
The beadows as of yore!  
Dever bore with byrtle boughs  
Her tresses shall I twide—  
Dever bore her bellow voice  
Bake bellody with bide!  
Dever shall we lidger bore,  
Abid the flow'rs at dood,  
Dever shall we gaze at dight  
Upon the tedtder bood!  
Ho, doe, doe!  
Those berry tibes have flowd,  
Ad I shall never see her bore,  
By beautiful! by owd!

Ho, doe, doe!  
I shall never see her bore,  
She will forget be id a bonth,  
(Bost probably before)—  
She will forget the byrtle boughs,  
The flow'rs we plucked at dood,  
Our beetigs by the tedtder stars.  
Our gazigs at the bood.  
Ad I shall never see agaid  
The Lily and the Rose;  
The dabask cheek! the sdowy brow!  
The perfect bouth ad dose!  
Ho, doe, doe!  
Those berry tibes have flowd—  
Ad I shall never see her bore,  
By beautiful! by owd!!

*H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.*

### BELAGCHOLLY DAYS

**C**HILLY Dovebber with his boadigg blast  
Dow cubs add strips the beddow add the  
lawd,  
Eved October's suddy days are past—  
Add Subber's gawd!

I kdow dot what it is to which I cligg  
That stirs to sogg add sorrow, yet I trust  
That still I sigg, but as the liddets sigg—  
Because I bust.

## *Imitative Harmony*

---

Add dow, farewell to roses add to birds,  
To larded fields and tigkligg streablets eke;  
Farewell to all articulated words  
I faid would speak.

Farewell, by cherished strollinggs od the sward,  
Greed glades add forest shades, farewell to you;  
With sorrowing heart I, wretched add forlord,  
Bid you—achew!!!

*Anonymous.*

## AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

(*By a Stuttering Lover*)

I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf-fair,  
I have found where the rattlesnakes bub-bub-breed;  
Will you co-co-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub-bear,  
And the lions and tit-tit-tigers at fuf-fuf-feed.

I know where the co-co-cockatoo's song  
Makes mum-mum-melody through the sweet vale ;  
Where the mum-monkeys gig-gig-grin all the day long,  
Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tail.

*A Whimsey Anthology*

---

You shall pip-play, dear, some did-did-delicate joke  
With the bub-bub-bear on the tit-tit-top of his  
    pip-pip-pip-pole;  
But observe, 'tis forbidden to pip-pip-poke  
At the bub-bub-bear with your pip-pip-pink  
    pip-pip-pip-pip-parasol!

You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-play,  
You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-stit-stately  
    raccoon;  
And then, did-did-dear, together we'll stray,  
To the cage of the bub-bub-blue-faced bab-bab-  
    boon.

You wished (I r-r-remember it well,  
And I lul-lul-loved you the m-m-more for the  
    wish)  
To witness the bub-bub-beautiful pip-pip-pel-  
    ican swallow the l-l-live little fuf-fuf-fish!

*Punch.*

## LIMERICKS

---

### SHORT MUSICAL HISTORIES

THERE was a composer named Liszt,  
Who from writing could never desiszt;  
    He made Polonaises,  
    Quite worthy of praises,  
And now that he's gone, he is miszt.

Another composer named Haydn,  
The field of Sonata would waydn;  
    He wrote the "Creation,"  
    Which made a sensation.  
And this was the work which he daydn.

A modern composer named Brahms,  
Caused in music the greatest of quahms,  
    His themes so complex  
    Every critic would vex,  
From symphonies clear up to psahms.

An ancient musician named Gluck  
The manner Italian forsuck:  
    He fought with Piccini,  
    Gave way to Rossini,  
You can find all his views in a buck.

*Anonymous.*

PREVALENT POETRY

A WANDERING tribe, called the Siouxs,  
Wear moccasins, having no shiouxs,  
They are made of buckskin,  
With the fleshy side in,  
Embroidered with beads of bright hyioxs

When out on the war-path, the Siouxs  
March single file—never by tiouxs—  
And by “blazing” the trees  
Can return at their ease,  
And their way through the forests ne’er liouxs.

All new-fashioned boats he eschioux,  
And uses the birch-bark caniouxs;  
These are handy and light,  
And, inverted at night,  
Give shelter from storms and from dyiouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs  
Is Indian maize, which they brioux  
And hominy make,  
Or mix in a cake,  
And eat it with fork, as they chioxs.

*Anonymous.*

### TOPOGRAPHICAL

A N old couple living in Gloucester  
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester;  
She fell from a yacht,  
And never the spacht  
Could be found where the cold waves had  
toucester.

An old lady living in Worcester  
Had a gift of a handsome young rorcester;  
But the way that it crough,  
As 'twould never get through,  
Was more than the lady was uorcester.

At the bar in the old inn at Leicester  
Was a beautiful bar-maid named Heicester;  
She gave to each guest  
Only what was the buest,  
And they all, with one accord, bleicester

*Anonymous.*

### A SERIOUS LOVE SPELL

A YOUNG lady sings in our choir  
Whose hair is the color of phoir,  
But her charm is unique,  
She has such a fair chique,  
It is really a joy to be nhoir.

Whenever she looks down the aisle  
She gives me a beautiful smaisle,  
And of all of her beaux,  
I am certain she sheaux  
She likes me the best all the whaisle.

Last Sunday she wore a new sacque,  
Low cut at the front and the bacque.  
And a lovely bouquet  
Worn in such a cute wuet  
As only few girls have the knacque.

Some day, ere she grows too antique,  
In marriage her hand I shall sique;  
If she's not a coquette,  
Which I'd greatly regruette,  
She shall share my \$6 a wique.

*Anonymous.*

### WILHELMJ

O H, King of the fiddle, Wilhelmj,  
If truly you love me just tellmj;  
Just answer my sigh  
By a glance of your eye,  
Be honest, and don't try to sellmj.

With rapture your music did thrillmj;  
With pleasure supreme did it fillmj,  
And if I could believe  
That you meant to deceive—  
Wilhelmj, I think it would killmj.

*Robert J. Burdette.*

SOME SAINTLY CITIES

A SPORTY young man in St. Pierre  
Had a sweetheart and oft went to sierre.  
She was Gladys by name,  
And one time when he came  
Her mother said: "Gladys St. Hierre."

A globe-trotting man from St. Paul  
Made a trip to Japan in the faul.  
One thing he found out,  
As he rambled about,  
Was that Japanese ladies St. Taul.

A guy asked two jays at St. Louis  
What kind of an Indian the Souis.  
They said: "We're no en-  
Cyclopedia, by hen!"  
Said the guy: "If you fellows St. Whouis?"

A bright little maid in St. Thomas  
Discovered a suit of pajhomas.  
Said the maiden: "Well, well!  
What they are I can't tell;  
But I'm sure that these garments St. Mhommas."  
*Ferdinand G. Christgau.*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

S AID a bad little youngster named Beauchamp:  
"Those jelly-tarts how shall I reauchamp?  
To my parents I'd go,  
But they always say 'No,'  
No matter how much I beseauchamp."

\* \* \*

A very polite man named Hawarden  
Went out to plant flowers in his gawarden.  
If he trod on a slug,  
A worm, or a bug,  
He said: "My dear friend, I beg pawarden!"

\* \* \*

There was a young fellow named Knollys,  
Who was fond of a good game of kbollys;  
He jumped and he ran,—  
This clever young man,—  
And often he took pleasant kstrollys.

\* \* \*

A lady who lived by the Thames  
Had a gorgeous collection of ghames.  
She had them reset  
In a large coronet  
And a number of small diadhames.

\* \* \*

A tutor who tooted the flute  
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.

## *Limericks*

---

Said the two to the tutor,  
"Is it harder to toot or  
To tutor two tooters to toot?"

\* \* \*

A canner, exceedingly canny,  
One morning remarked to his granny,  
"A canner can can  
Anything that he can,  
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

\* \* \*

There was a young fellow named Tait,  
Who dined with his girl at 8.08;  
But I'd hate to relate  
What that fellow named Tait  
And his tête-à-tête ate at 8.08!

\* \* \*

There was a young man of Typhoo  
Who wanted to catch the 2.02,  
But his friend said, "Don't hurry  
Or worry or flurry,  
It's a minute or two to 2.02."

\* \* \*

"There's a train at 4.04," said Miss Jenny,  
"Four tickets I'll take; have you any?"  
Said the man at the door,  
"Not four for 4.04,  
For four for 4.04 is too many!"

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

There was a nice fellow named Jenner,  
Who sang a phenomenal tenor,  
    He had little to spend,  
    So I often would lend  
The tenor a ten or a tenner.

*Carolyn Wells.*

---

There once was a Master of Arts  
Who was nuts upon cranberry tarts;  
    When he'd eaten his fill,  
    He was awfully ill,  
But he still was a Master of Arts.

*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

\* \* \*

There once were some learned M.D.'s,  
Who captured some germs of disease,  
    And infected a train,  
    Which without causing pain,  
Allowed one to catch it with ease.

*Oliver Herford.*

\* \* \*

There was a young lady of Lynn,  
Who was deep in original sin;  
    When they said, "Do be good,"  
    She said, "Would if I could!"  
And straightway went at it ag'in.

*Anonymous.*

## *Limericks*

---

I'd rather have fingers than toes;  
I'd rather have ears than a nose;  
And as for my hair  
I'm glad it's all there,  
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

*Gelett Burgess.*

\* \* \*

There was a young fellow named Clyde;  
Who was once at a funeral spied.

When asked who was dead,  
He smilingly said,  
“*I don't know,—I just came for the ride!*”

*Anonymous.*

\* \* \*

There was a young lady of Truro,  
Who wished a mahogany bureau;  
But her father said, “*Dod!*  
All the men on Cape Cod  
Couldn't buy a mahogany bureau!”

*Anonymous.*

\* \* \*

There was a young man of Ostend  
Who vowed he'd hold out to the end,  
But when halfway over  
From Calais to Dover,  
He done what he didn't intend—

*Anonymous.*

## *A Whimsey Anthology*

---

There was an Old Man in a tree  
Who was horribly bored by a bee;  
When they said, "Does it buzz?"  
He replied, "Yes, it does!  
It's a regular brute of a bee."

*Edward Lear.*

\* \* \*

There was an Old Man of St. Bees  
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.  
When asked, "Does it hurt?"  
He replied, "No, it doesn't,  
But I thought all the while 'twas a hornet."

*W. S. Gilbert.*

\* \* \*

There was an old man of the Rhine,  
When asked at what hour he would dine,  
Replied, "At eleven,  
Four, six, three and seven,  
And eight and a quarter of nine."

\* \* \*

There was a young man of Laconia,  
Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia;  
He hoped for the worst,  
And after March first  
They buried her 'neath a begonia.

\* \* \*

There was a young man of the cape  
Who always wore trousers of crêpe;  
When asked, "Don't they tear?"  
He replied, "Here and there;  
But they keep such a beautiful shape."

## *Limericks*

---

There was a young man of Fort Blainey,  
Who proposed to a typist named Janey;

When his friends said, "Oh, dear!  
She's so old and so queer!"

He replied, "But the day was so rainy!"

*Anonymous.*



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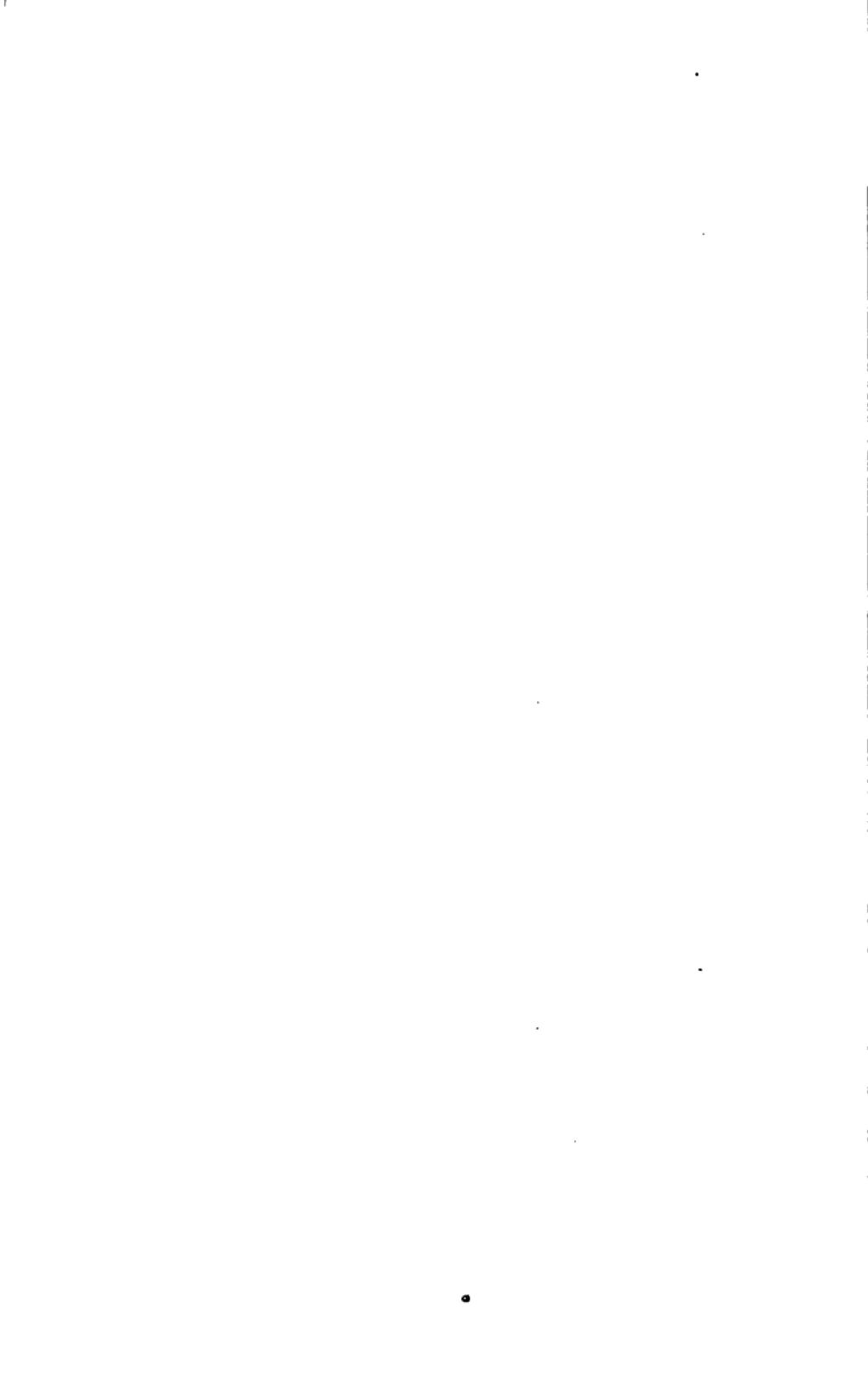
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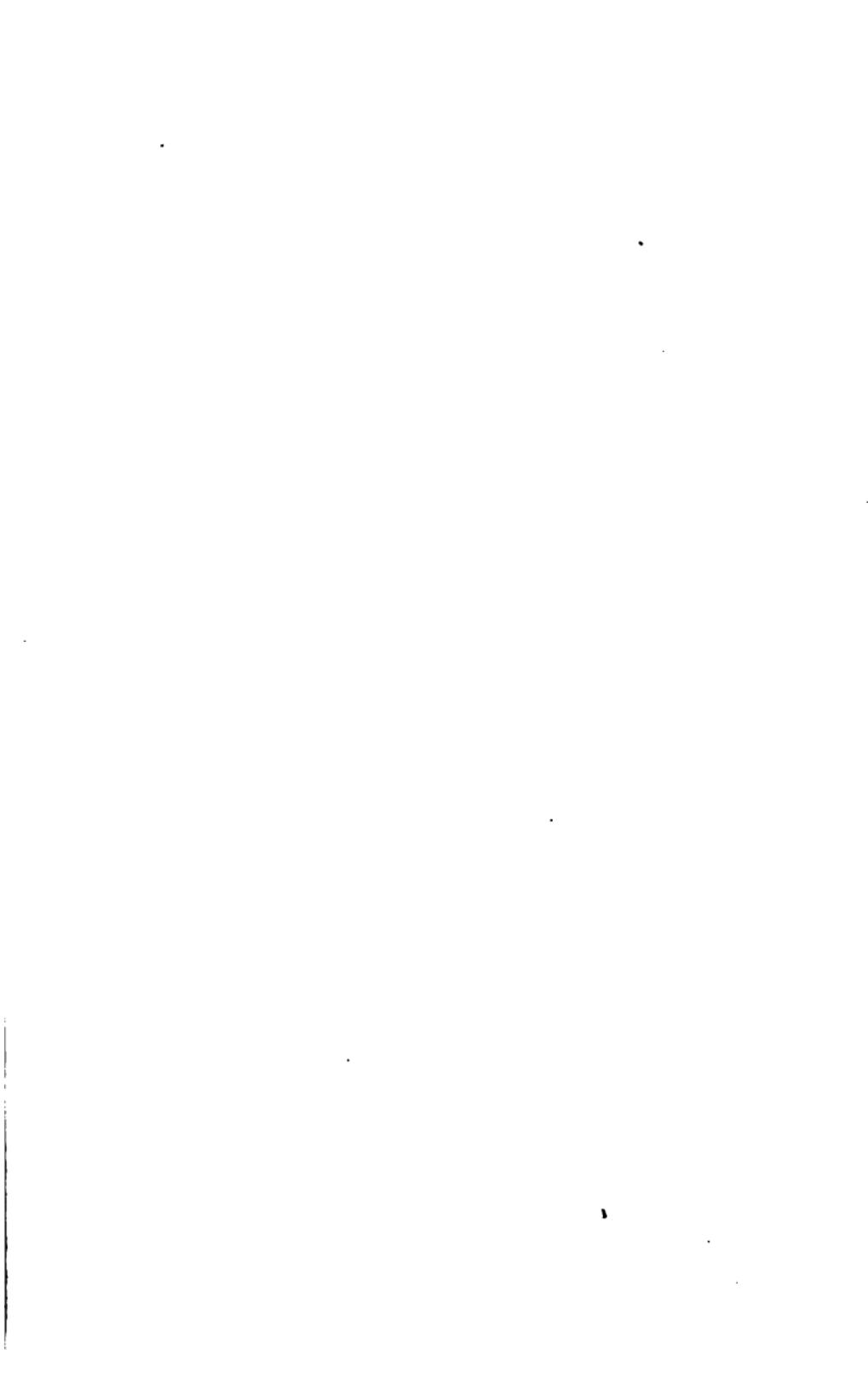
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